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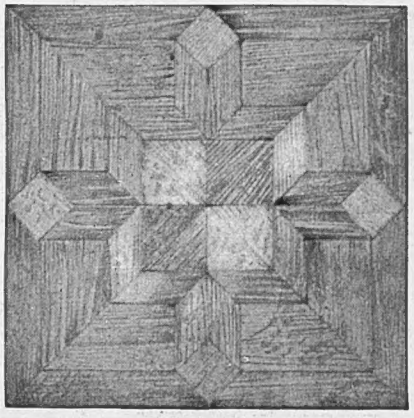

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The Bystander, March 29, 1916.—No. 643. Vol. XLIX

The BYSTANDER

THE KANGAROO KICKS OFF

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

The Member for Pacifists

ADVERSITY makes strange bedfellows; but the horrors of war were never really brought home to THE BYSTANDER till last Thursday when we found Mr. Trevelyan, M.P., taking upon himself to defend us in the House of Commons. The Member for Pacifists has infinitely more to make amends for in his own record since the war than he can conveniently get through in a lifetime without mixing himself up in our little troubles. Not to put too fine a point on it, we would rather go out of business altogether than have men of the Trevelyan kidney associating our good name with themselves, with squire's daughters who go on Continental excursions with German spies, or with any other of the Peace Party's little hobbies.

❀ ❀

Our Little Bill

"LEARN to take punishment, sir," as the boxing instructor at school used to say after landing us somewhere in the middle of the week after next; and THE BYSTANDER, thank you, can take it, if it must, like a gentleman and without squealing or appealing. We printed the cartoon that caused all this pother; we paid up to the tune of £200 for having done it—and there the matter would have ended so far as we are concerned. Own up, pay up, and shut up. It is a policy a good many persons and institutions might follow with advantage.

❀ ❀

Seeing a Joke

As, however, Mr. Trevelyan has tried to enrol us in his noble army of martyrs, and as Sir F. E. Smith has gone out of his way to have a fling at our offence, we may, perhaps, be permitted to say a word. There was room for two opinions about our cartoon. There seems room for about six over the prosecution. At the Mansion House Counsel for the Crown told us the case was brought on the authority of the Public Prosecutor, and that the Foreign Office had had the cartoon brought to their notice. Immediately we heard that we got out our cheque-book. The Department that couldn't see the biggest war in the world coming could scarcely be expected to see anything so minute as a joke.

❀ ❀

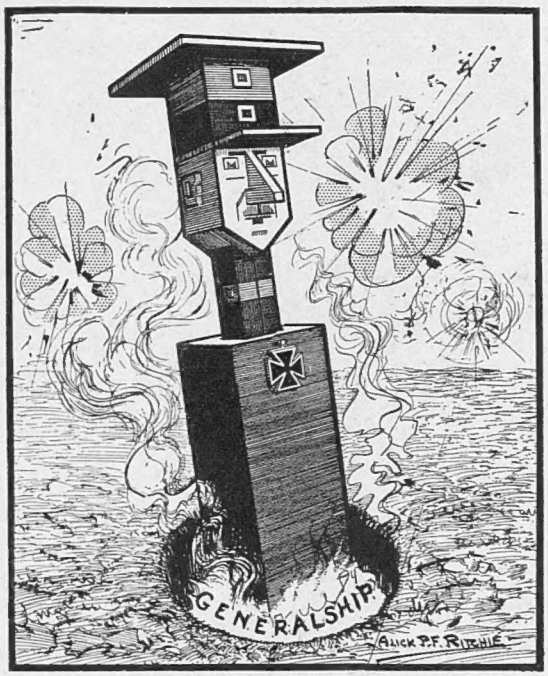
Awful Alternatives

Now, behold, comes along Sir F. E. Smith and informs the House of Commons that he alone was entirely responsible for the prosecution. This means one of two things. Either someone isn't speaking the truth, which is unthinkable; or else Sir F. E. Smith is behind the Foreign Office—which is awful.

❀ ❀

Beyond a Joke

THERE let us leave the matter. It was a joke when we accepted the cartoon and published it; no joke when we had to fork out £200 for it; and altogether beyond a joke when it reveals Trevelyan as our champion and Smith at the Foreign Office. A recruiting office in the Strand used it as a recruiting poster. The Mansion House magistrate says it would have been a joke in peace-time. Sir F. E. Smith says it was obscene. We say—well, we've said it.



"A SQUARE PEG —"

The Crown Prince is reported to be in disgrace owing to his failures at Verdun

❀ ❀

The Biggest Luxury

THE campaign against luxuries is bearing fruit. If I may interpret signs of the times I really do believe the country is seriously contemplating a supreme act of self-denial, a positively scarifying sacrifice. It really is thinking earnestly about giving up the most glaringly expensive luxury of the lot. It realises that this war has got to be won in the shortest possible time, and that this great national luxury is a constant handicap. It realises that once and for all we must not keep things just for our own selfish pleasure; that every penny is wanted for the war; that our national failing must be overcome; in a word, that we really ought not to continue pampering ourselves with the present Government. The married men are absolutely determined about it.

❀ ❀

"State Aid"

IT is only fair to say that the Government itself is doing its best to further this movement. On the principle of taking enough rope to hang itself it is paying out coil upon coil day after day. Any one of these fine days it may catch its foot in the tangle, and then, if an appropriate colloquialism may be permitted, will catch it in the neck. It is an expensive way of getting rid of an expensive luxury, but the whole business of national economy is extravagant—if only extravagantly absurd. It is all very well, for instance, to say that national economy begins at Westminster. The point is that Westminster won't begin national economy.

(Continued on page 562)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 561)

Invasion

THE only impossible thing in this war is the man who says anything is impossible. Invasion is in the air again. If it ever happens a tolerably big proportion of it will be in that element and fewer of us will "sleep quietly in our beds" than at any time since those rather unfortunate words were administered to us. Those are about the only two things that can be said for certain of an invasion—those and one other. Invasion is like falling into a bog. Any fool, figuratively speaking, can do it. The difficulty is to get out again.

⁂ ⁂

Turn and Turn About

IF the Kaiser can't get his nation killed off quick enough to please him at Verdun, it is always up to him to dump a few thousands ashore here or in the waters immediately adjacent. There are possible combinations of chances that may enable him to do that; but there are none that will permit his fleet to stand by indefinitely in support and take them off again. With that much said, it will do us no harm freely to admit the possibility of an invasion. After all, it is one of the first concomitants of war. Most of the Allies have suffered it. Our turn may be coming. Germany's certainly is.

"THIS YEAR, NEXT YEAR, SOMETIME—NEVER"

⁂ ⁂

Paper

THE Kaiser's flamboyant telegram to Dr. Helfferich, the German Minister of Finance, thanking Heaven for the result of the new German War Loan, seems to have rather overdone the good work. The notorious abstention of many of the leading financial institutions in Germany in respect of the new issue should at least have been noticed by the All-Highest's personal and particular advisers. No doubt, however, the telegram was sent to impress neutrals, who must be thereby assumed to be lacking in the useful, if elementary, faculty of being able to put two and two together. The imposing figure of £400,000,000 proves on analysis to be little more than a paper asset at the best; and the great loan itself is merely a third mortgage on a security that barely justified a first.

⁂ ⁂

Sentiment v. Business

SOME of our enthusiasts are losing their heads over the delicious prospect of being able to refuse to buy German goods after the war. This is a fine evidence of good patriotism, but it knocks current ideas of political economy all to pieces. Much as we and our colonies may regret having to trade with the Hun in days to come, the fact will remain that we are a commercial Empire, and as such sellers as well as buyers. After the war Germany will want to buy a great many things that we shall have to sell, and though we may have to bite very carefully the money we get in exchange for our goods, there is little doubt that the trade will be done. There is no sentiment in business, and when political considerations no longer restrain our merchants from dumping necessaries on Germany there is likely to be something of a rush to get to work.

⁂ ⁂

Food—for the Mind!

NEWS from Constantinople is to the effect that provisions are very short in that unholy spot. The German Government, always quick to come to the rescue of its beloved allies in the hour of their greatest need, has sent the Turks several waggon-loads of—history and geography books. We have heard of the omnivorous reader, but this generous gift seems hardly the pabulum the hungry Turks require at the moment. One can quite understand that Germany is well able to spare such books just now, when they are, or soon will be, out of date. But all the same, this handsome gift of unreadable books at such a time is a reminder of the gift of a stone to those who asked for bread.

⁂ ⁂

Lord Northcliffe and Our Cartoon

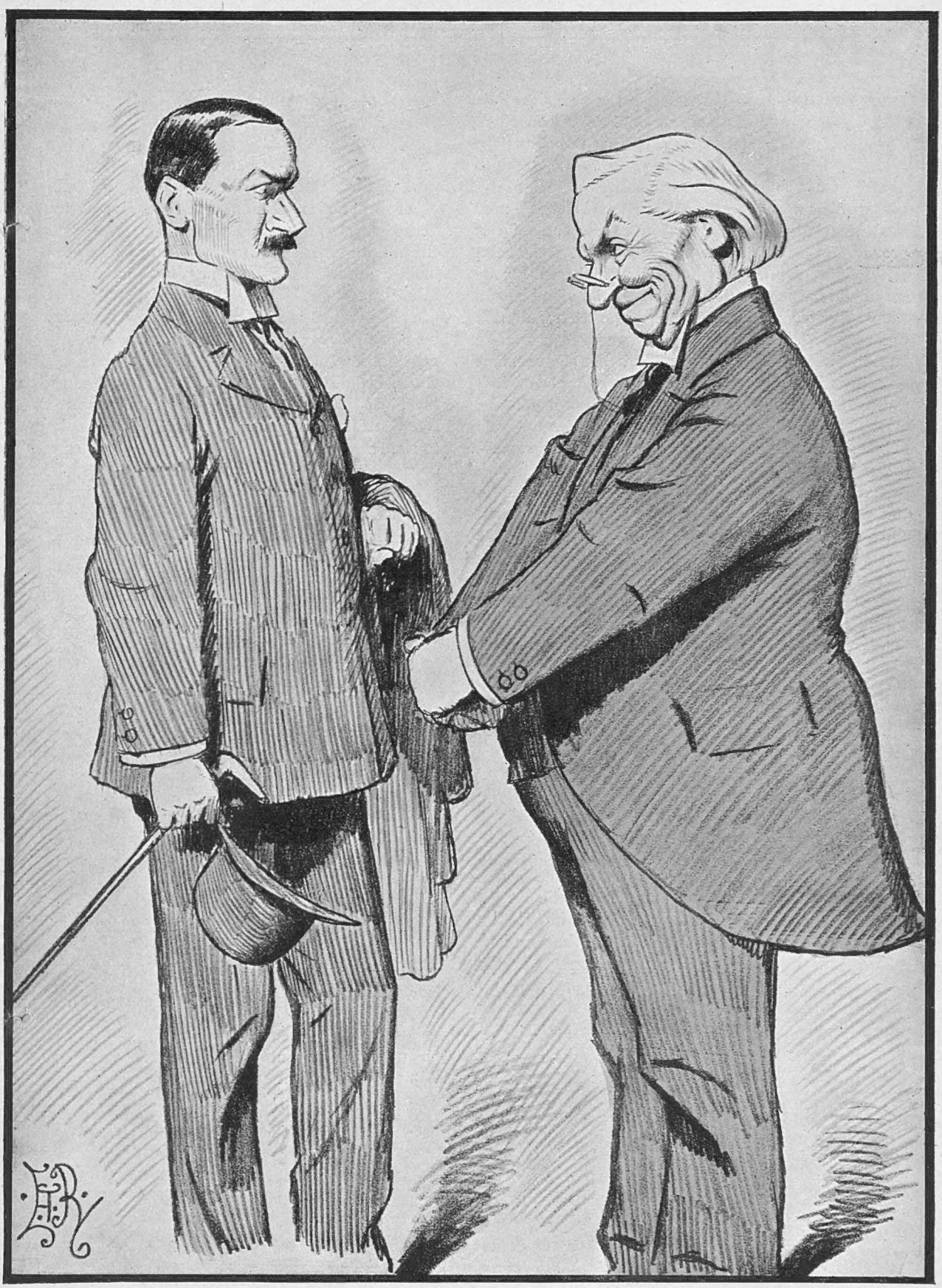
IN our opening comments we have dealt in BYSTANDER mood with Mr. Trevelyan's precious championing of our cartoon case in the House of Commons. In more serious vein we desire here utterly to dissociate ourselves from the Member for Elland's suggestion that the prosecution was instigated by Lord Northcliffe. We have quite other and emphatic views in the matter.

⁂ ⁂

A Correction

IN connection with an announcement in our last week's issue of the appearance of Lady Randolph Churchill's new book on women's work in the war, a statement was made to the effect that she was resigning the chairmanship of the American Women's War Hospital. It was based on information which we believed at the time to be correct, but we have since ascertained that Lady Randolph Churchill has not resigned the chairmanship and has no intention of doing so, and we therefore wish to express our regret for having given publicity to a statement which was incorrect.

The Blighted Troth



MARRIED MAN (attested): "Well, Sir, however I'm treated, I've made a promise and I'll keep it. That's the least one can do!"

MR. ASQUITH (reflectively): "Er—H-h'm—M'yes—Quite so!—And yet, mark you, the training of the politician leads some of us to take perhaps a wider and (ahem!) somewhat more elastic view"

A "Proud" Fleet

SUBMARINES AND THE DINNER BILL

BY GERARD FIENNES

THE President of the Reichstag was singularly inept in his reference to the German Navy in his opening speech. "Our thoughts," he said, "are with our proud fleet." "Too proud to fight." One thinks at once of the classic phrase which, perhaps, has not yet reached Berlin. The gibe may not be strictly fair to the German Navy, but it is provoked by the absurd cackling about the return of the *Moewe*. Certainly her officers and men, by the aid of guile which is ruled out by all rules of chivalrous war, exhibited no little skill and worked off a trick upon us which we were sportsmen enough to appreciate and accept with good temper. But that the Germans should find anything to crow about in the fact that the career of the *Moewe* has conclusively proved that, even if one of their ships gets out by abuse of the neutral flag and by disguising itself as a merchantman, it can do no better than sink a dozen ships laden with produce worth more than its weight in gold to Germany, get a couple of prize crews interned in neutral ports, and then scuttle home again, is proof that they have arrived at a stage when they are thankful for very small mercies. They have done it once. Can they do it twice? There is good reason to doubt it.

THE little "scrap" in the North Sea reported on Wednesday once more showed our enemy "too proud to fight." Three German torpedo-boats, believed to have been driven out of Zeebrugge by the bombardment, fell in with a division of four British destroyers. The Germans turned tail at once and hurried back, being hulled once or twice in the running fight, and one of their number so badly hit that she had to be towed. Someone on board suffered from *diplopia*, for, in the German report, the number of British craft grew to five. Moreover, the action was "successful" for the enemy, inasmuch as the British "broke off the fight." If success consists in escaping destruction by the use of nimble heels, the Germans are welcome to many more such successes. It may be noted that, whereas our report speaks of the enemy ships as "destroyers," the Germans describe them as "torpedo-boats." As a matter of fact, the term destroyer is not in use in the German Navy, vessels of that class being called *grossen Torpedobooten*. The newest and best of their torpedo-boats have not, as yet, been encountered in the southern part of the North Sea, but these may very well have been vessels of four hundred and fifty to six hundred and twenty-five tons, and, therefore, of a class which we should describe as destroyers.

IN no single action, save that off Coronel, and, at the start, the fight between the *Sydney* and the *Emden*, have the Germans stood up to our ships. We need not blame them for that, for we have always been the stronger, a fact which proves that our Admiralty and commanders at sea have admirably carried into effect the first principle of strategy—to be in superior force at the decisive point. This explains why the German Navy is "proud" in the Wilsonian sense.

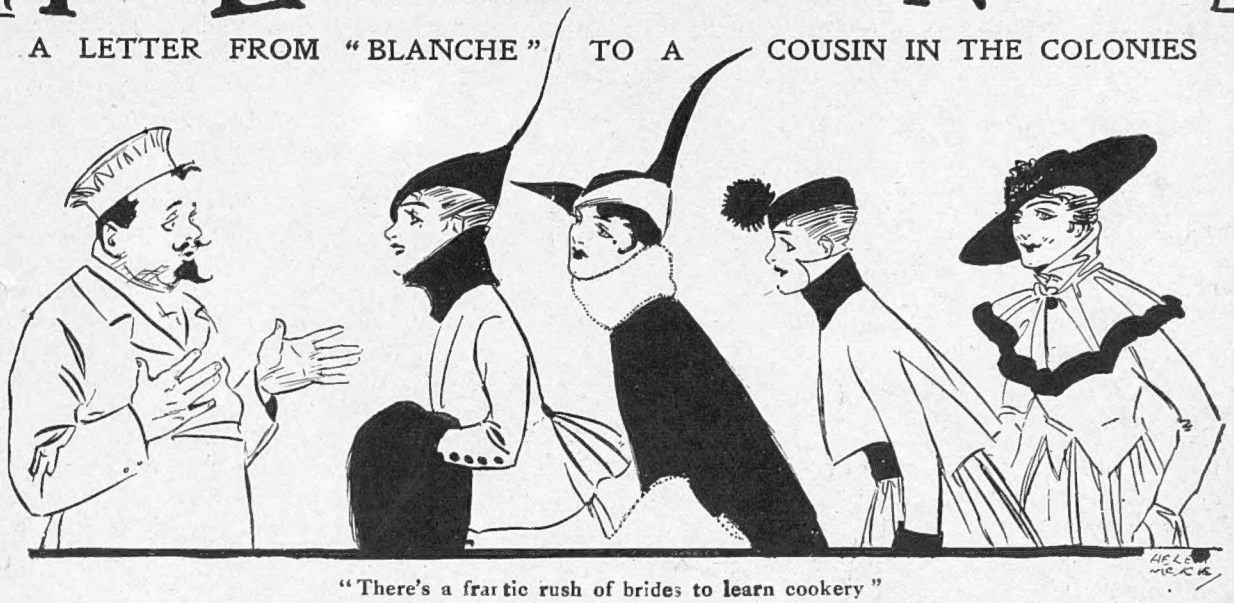
INSUBORDINATION is creeping into the restaurants of Berlin. In normal times we should say that Jeshurun waxes fat and kicks. But the trouble is that Jeshurun is like to grow thin. So petitions are handed for signature with the bill, demanding a more intensive piracy. It may easily be imagined that, after a porkless meal, accompanied by a microscopic portion of *Kriegsbrod*, a cup of acorn coffee, and the presentation of a bill of swollen proportions, the unsatisfied diner may be quite in the mood to petition the Powers that Be that England may be more effectively strafed. It might be worth an extra half mark to sign the petition. I know a country paper which, over its list of "hatches, matches, and despatches," prints this notice: "Simple announcements are inserted free. Additional expletives constitute an advertisement, and must be paid for." Under the circumstances imagined, it would be worth while to pay for the satisfaction of writing "*Gott oder von Capelle strafe England!*"

BUT the trouble is that the authorities consider such "gingering" to be flat mutiny. They have, apparently, searchings of heart about the amiable desire of Herr Ballin to cut "England" off from all communication with the Continent, whether with allied States or neutrals. And very well they may. Napoleon tried that game, and burned his fingers badly. It is as far, so please you, from Battersea to Grosvenor Square as it is from Grosvenor Square to Battersea. If the Germans take to sinking at sight all neutrals proceeding from Holland or Denmark to English ports, they will effectually prevent any ships from England, and all the world which lies to the West of England, from seeking Dutch or Danish ports. That will make our blockade tighter than all the efforts of the Navy, the Foreign Office, and the Board of Trade have yet availed to make it. Herr von Bierschwiller will rise the hungrier for his petition.

BUT let us not jump too hastily to the conclusion that the recent outrages on neutrals are either the mad act of an "U" boat gone amok, or are deliberately intended to carry out the designs of Herr Ballin. We should be slow to credit the Germans with readiness to cut off their nose to spite their face. There has been a lot more going on in the North Sea these last weeks than the public knows. The Germans are working on a plan, and that plan seems to entail the necessity for complete secrecy in the southern area. "It is now or never," said Count Reventlow recently. "We have the means of bringing proud Albion to her knees. We must and shall succeed." Secrecy, however, is difficult to attain, with some two thousand ships of the British Navy keeping a sleepless watch and ward.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES



"There's a frantic rush of brides to learn cookery"

LONDON, *March* 27, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

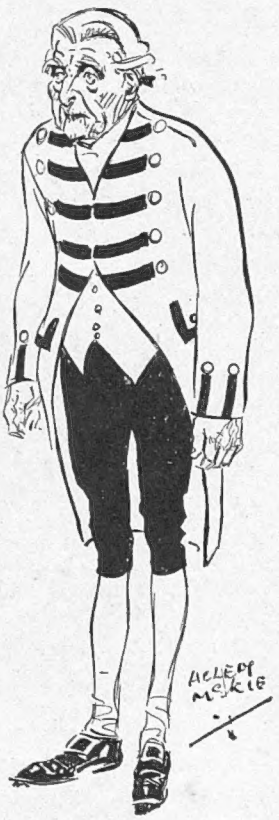
I HAVEN'T told him, of course, but there was a nasty one for my faithful four-footed friend, as the Victorians used to call them, in the letter of the Tempy Sec. Lieut. who sends me my first proposal from the trenches. "I shan't ask you to lunch with me," he says, "but remember that it's Leap Year, and I shall be only too delighted IF. . . .! P.S.—If you'll kill the Peke I will buy you a dog." Awf'ly sudden, isn't it, and besides—well, as the Italians have it, every dog is a lion at home, and it'd be an awful bad beginning to things, wouldn't it, if the dragon dog ever guessed?

⁂ ⁂

BESIDES which, he's still so fearfully fashionable, you know, in England now that, no, I really couldn't part with him, not even for a regular Barrie dream-prince of a soldierman. And, then, too, he's a sort of a link. I mean, now it's "Bad Form" to wear anything but clothes "durable and suitable for all occasions" (ugh!), the patrician Pekinese, all fluffy and feathery, regally taking his morning's constitutional in the Park, is a pleasant reminder of the dear, dead days beyond recall—before the war.

⁂ ⁂

FROCKS, foods, frivolity, motor-cars—we're giving them all up, one after the other, and to dare to advertise for even the most decayed of footmen draws down the deadliest maledictions on your head. But I've just seen advertised "A Perfect Pair of Tiny Pekingese, under 3lbs., £300." So everyone's not cutting down their dog licenses, and I suppose Mr. McKenna's not coming down on this luxury either in his Budget.



"To advertise for even the most decayed of footmen draws down maledictions on your head"

⁂ ⁂

WHICH, by the way, I suppose, will keep things lively down Westminster way next week—if they get a moment off from the married men subject, that is, which looks like being the biggest nut of all that those twenty-three "irritable mandarins" in the Government have had to crack in all their chequered war existence. Not much left to tax, you'd think, would you? But according to a big financier man I've just been talking to, "We've hardly begun to tap them yet—England's resources."

⁂ ⁂

THE war'll be over in June, about the 6th—that's the "latest." And the last person I've heard it from is actually a naval transport officer, who ought to know—well, better, *I* think. 'Course you never can tell, and it really does seem as if the enemy, in its homes, at any rate, was beginning to feel the pinch a bit. But so are we, come to that, with all the necessities at perfectly outrageous prices and the war profiteers laying up treasure on earth by the cart-load. But dear me, a bare two months to finish the job—it *will* be a rush, won't it? Specially as on some of our various fronts—Flanders, the Balkans, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Egypt, East Africa, and the blue seas—we really hardly seem to have properly begun yet, spite of all our casualties and all the hundreds of millions we've spent.

⁂ ⁂

LAST week, for the first time since the war, the King and Queen gave a party, but not at the Palace, in the

(*Continued on page 566*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (continued from page 565)

Mews. It was one quite in the movement, too, for woundeds, and all the stage stars to entertain them and great ladies doing the pouring-out-teas-for-Tommies touch. They even had a rehearsal for it, arranged by the Crown Equerry, so it really ought to have been something *very* extra special in the way of war-time parties, oughtn't it?

❀ ❀

And, of course, we all fairly fought for tickets for the new very Barrie-ish Barrie play (and you really *should* have seen some of the war-time evening cloaks that turned up at the first night). According to the critics, it's sadly lacking in any strict dramatic form. But all the same, as another of the craft puts it, it is at once so natural and so strange, so sentimental and so whimsical, so serious and so freakish, so comical and so touching—in fact, yet another example of Barrie's "consummate adroitness" in the craft of the stage.

❀ ❀

I heard some people call *A Kiss for Cinderella* "stupid." But, then, we can't all be young at heart, I suppose, and to love your Barrie you must be still a child, in parts, at any rate, mustn't you? I confess I rather revelled, though certainly heroines who worm their way into p'licemen's hearts 'cos of their teeny weeny feet leave me rather cold, really. Must be so boring to be loved for your feet alone, mustn't it? And I don't know what happens when your kind of feet aren't worn.

"Might remind these war savings people about face creams and things"

But I just loved most of it—the babies and the one who was "not exactly Swiss, but—well, you know," and who had to have a (worsted) wire entanglement round her cradle, and Lord Times, who cut the King short with "Less talk," and the lady doctor who tried her best to be typically lady-doctor-hard-and-horrid, but failed because she was Miss Henrietta Watson and Barrie had written her part.

❀ ❀

Apropos of domestic matters, I've just read somewhere that there's a "frantic rush of brides to learn cookery," and I'm wondering if some of them out of their new-born knowledge won't send me along a few hints to vary the disguise of service rations. "Trying to produce fricassée of chicken out of ration beef, or trifle out of ration rice is reducing me to a perfect wreck," a gunner mess-secretary writes me—he's 6ft. high and only weighs 14½ stone, so you can guess how it's told on him. He'd be for ever grateful if we'd tell him how to make soup that doesn't remind him of the poisonous chemicals of the water-cart, or a Boche gas attack, and to cook the beef so that it tastes and looks a little more like real food.

❀ ❀

Talking of food, another gunner-man (they *are* good correspondents in the Royal Regiment) has thought of something quite original by inviting me to breakfast with him. So hackneyed, he considers the mere ordinary lunch, tea, dinner, and supper "invites." Not a bad idea, is it, though, of course, there's a lot more hanging, so to speak, to a breakfast. I mean, you either are or aren't a breakfast person. If you're not sniffy you're seraphic at that critical hour. And largely, too, it's a matter of complexion. Now mine——but we don't talk about complexions in war-time, do we? Might remind those war savings people about face-creams and things.

"The streets look about as cheerful as the Chamber of Horrors on a wet Good Friday"

❀ ❀

All the Ministers have been getting awful colds, and cold feet too, apparently. There's talk of the P.M. taking a long holiday, and it looks like his colleagues having a trying April, what with the sad

(Continued on page 568)

A Leading Lady Organiser

OF THE "STAR AND GARTER" CHARITY FUND

Camera Portrait] LADY GLENCONNER *[Hugh Cecil*

One of the most influential of the energetic band of ladies who are interesting themselves in the "Star and Garter" Hospital Fund. She has been particularly successful in the organisation of next Friday's Concert in aid of the fund which was originally to have been held at the residence of Mrs. Otto Beit, 49, Belgrave Square, but has had to be transferred, owing to the great demand for tickets, to Clarendon House

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 566)

story of the married man that even the sympathetic public's getting a bit fed-up with. Altogether too much talk about responsibilities and things, *I* think, don't you? After all, there's only one responsibility now, or should be, and that's the country.

❋ ❋

And what with one thing and another it really is quite time we did forget in the joy of spring this weary winter of our discontent. Down at Hampton Court and places it's already lovely, the trees all misty and buddy and daffodils and bluebells on the grass and the almond blossom ravishingly pink against the blue. And the longer days alone are something to look forward to—my word, but it *is* dark o' nights in London now.

❋ ❋

They're stricter than ever about the lights—it's in *Tina*, I think, that the inimitable Mr. Berry tells the tale about his great-grandmother having been fined 40*s*. for going to the theatre with a glow-worm—and on rainy nights, when there isn't a moon like this week, the streets look about as cheerful as the Chamber of Horrors on a wet Good Friday. Even the theatres, I believe, have felt the draught a bit since leave became a back number, and the W.S.C. said it wasn't good form to wear clothes.

❋ ❋

Apropos of leave, by the way, I'm reminded by an N.O. in the Arctic regions, to whom I'd been letting myself go a bit all about the perfectly overwhelming welcome that awaited our heroes when they did come home, that even leave isn't always quite what it's cracked up to be, even for the men in navy blue. "We'd been away from England for nineteen months without a single day's leave," he says, "and we arrived at Tilbury in pouring rain at about 8 p.m. After being subjected to a thorough search by a gang of measly Customs officials we were grudgingly allowed to proceed to London. The streets seemed a bit mouldy, but a real taxi and an English hotel again—our spirits rose. Then three of us went to the Piccadilly.

❋ ❋

"The first five minutes was bliss. Charming butterflies flitted round gay young khaki things, and one or two of them even gave us a sort of a shy glad eye when we came in. But then the glamour wore off. First we found we couldn't get a drink. Then we realised our buttons were green, that one of us was unshaven, that another had spilt his coffee, and that all the khaki was immaculate and very dashing while *we* were merely rather dirty and very tired, and had almost forgotten how to be civilised. Eventually we went out into the night . . . quite like a third-rate melodrama. Well, Blanche, that was our welcome. Of course, we weren't heroes, I suppose, but still—I prefer London in peace-time."

❋ ❋

After that he seems to be thoroughly appreciating life on a tiny T.B.D., even though it is chiefly a matter of constant snow and gales, specially as there are sure and certain signs that soon the long waiting will be over—"the Hun fleet's really coming out, you know, and then we shan't be long." And I don't believe we should, do you, if it weren't for the twenty-three Mandarins?

With love, yours ever,

Blanche

VARIETY

WIFE: "How did you like the show last night?"

HUSBAND: "Oh, top hole, two good turns—One Robey and the other Dis-robey"

The Historic Hatchet Again

WITH JUST A TRIFLING DIFFERENCE

GERMAN GEORGE WASHINGTON: "Me? I didn't do it! It must have been the cat!"

"They Never Will Be Missed"

VI.—OUR "BUMBLES"

BEFORE the war our rates and taxes were as nearly as could be equal in amount. Our "Bumbles" on Councils and Boards were in many cases as costly as they were inefficient. Now that taxation has leapt up rates must come down with a merciful bump. And really the "Bumble" of the old time and style is not the man to see to this.

THE number of competent administrators who were attracted by "Local Politics" was pitifully inadequate. Advertisement and Divertisement prevented that. The noisy shallow-pate who wished to make periodical "scenes" in the Council-room and have his name in the papers was only a degree more worthless than the tired old gentleman who sought to doddle through his remaining years with a little light service for his fellow-citizens. And both types and all the others were held in the grip of the officials.

WE can save nowhere unless we deal drastically with officials. Salary for them increases with the growth of their departments. It is they who advise on new ventures and it is they who always profit by them. To their delighted ears comes the glad news that Muddleton has discovered a new sewage method or what not. It is but a year or two since they themselves gambled in some kindred novelty. Never mind. A picnic party of councillors, not excluding themselves, is at once arranged. It is dignified with the description of "a deputation." Puddleton cannot lag behind Muddleton. Puddleton's system is scrapped out of hand and the Muddleton method is adopted forthwith.

AND the poor ratepayers? Sometimes they kick. Then comes a new party. Its watchword, of course, is Efficiency with Economy. Dear old watchword. It has done duty for every election of Municipal Incompetents since Bumble was born. Yet it is still a good vote-catcher, and out goes the old party and in comes the new. The new is just as bad as the old, and, worse than all, the officials are still there. The officials never, never go, and the newer the party the more hopelessly is it in official leading-strings. So the rates still rise.

BUMBLE is most dangerous when he is soulful. Quite a lot of Bumbles have "souls," and then they are outrageously expensive. But when you find a Bumble with a "conscience" you may throw up your hands and let him empty your pockets. It has been said by a shrewd observer, for instance, that all education committees are largely composed of cranks and profligate wastrels of other people's money. This is so painfully true that we should be wise to be careful. Already there is talk of an increased school age and a swollen Education Vote as the result of the war. But, in fact, we must insist on *less* education, and such as it is must be of a homely, practical, and useful kind.

BUMBLE is already proclaiming that when the war is over there will not be enough work for grown-ups, and, therefore, the children must be kept longer at school. I can see in my mind the itching official palms raised in a grateful benediction over the head of the obliging Bumble. Economists have very different anticipations. They believe that there will be more work than we can get through. Still, even if Bumble were right, how lunatic would be this solution of his. Accept his childish and ignorant assumption that evil times are in store for us. Will we make them less evil for the nation by wasting tens of additional millions out of the rates on what is not only unnecessary but actually injurious to the children? If there is poverty in the homes will it help if children of working-age are kept in the schools?

WE shall never bring down the rates until we have realised the causes of their mounting. One is the indifference and incompetence of many of the local bodies. There is even an actual High Rate Party composed of men who believe that the higher the rates on those who pay them the better will be the condition of the working-class. These muddle-pates fail to realise that everyone pays rates in one form or another. This brings us to the most urgent of reforms. Everyone should pay rates directly, and no longer through the landlord in the form of an invisible addition to his rent. The moment we have abolished "compounding" we shall have some millions of concerned and anxious people demanding reductions.

THE Local Government Board are greatly to be blamed for our terrible municipal debts. It is so easy to get new borrowing facilities. An inquiry is held and sanction is speedily granted. No new schemes of any kind should be looked at for years. A stern halt must be called. Bumble will be furious with this proposal, and our officials will be in consternation. Instead of growing staffs and rising salaries their prospect will be one of all-round reduction. Municipal life will no longer provide them with comfortable nests for themselves and families.

NOW for a practical suggestion. Why not convene in every Local Government area a small committee of the ablest business men to investigate the affairs of the local authority and promulgate the policy of immediate retrenchment? They would put municipal England on a war footing. They would advise on the schemes that should be abandoned and the departments that should be shut down. And they would winnow the staffs and remodel the salary lists. Then we *should* have a chance of saving a little of our money.

Riding To Hounds On Foot

WITH THE FULL APPROVAL OF THE WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE

A MEET OF THE EAST SUSSEX FOXHOUNDS NEAR HASTINGS

The Field on foot moving off from the Meet at Fairlight to covert on the cliffs

Photographs *Sport and General*

ROUGH GOING UP A STEEP PART OF THE CLIFFS

The fact that part of the country hunted by the East Sussex Hounds includes the cliffs in the vicinity of Hastings would appear in these days to be a blessing in disguise, for it enables the sport to be carried on without the aid of that useful but expensive quadruped, the horse, and therefore in a manner which at any rate suggests a due regard for the dictates of economy

"The Captain with the Whiskers"

VON TIRPITZ SUBMERGED

So Grand Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz, the famous 'longshore mariner of Kiel, has retired from the fierce light that beats upon Naval Ministers. Those who know why he has gone won't tell; and those who don't know are telling us too much. There are those who have called the bewhiskered old wirepuller the Pirate King, and it is understood that the shade of the late Captain Kidd is anxiously consulting the shade of his solicitor about it, as they are both doubtless in the same place.

⁂ ⁂

It certainly seems a little unfair to the real Pirate Kings of bygone days to admit the fluffy-featured Tirpitz into such very select company. After all, the pirate of old was a "sport" in his way. He went into the fight with the Jolly Roger nailed to the mast, and when he had to admit that the game was up he took his walk along the plank, or his swing from the yard-arm, like a proper gentleman.

⁂ ⁂

It is many years since Von Tirpitz was a sailor. He gave up the "legitimate" a long time ago for the job of political lobbyist and spoofer of the masses. As a showman he was doing very well until the war broke out. He was building up a nice little Navy, and was getting all the money he needed; and as the poet has said: Give me the people's money and I do not care who writes their songs.

⁂ ⁂

Nothing but rot could come of a Navy built by a man whose strategy was not that of the sailor, but of the smoking-room card-sharper. Build as he might he knew he could never hope to outstrip us in the race, since we should always build against him. It is clear, then, that whatever his Navy was designed for it was not for fighting. It was a Navy conceived in the brain of the shuffling politician, and not of the seafarer who knows the sea, and loves it for what it is. The Navy of von Tirpitz can only creep stealthily out of its hole in units, sink a shipload of women and children, and then hurry back to cover, and call for a large-sized laurel wreath from the goddess of Victory.

⁂ ⁂

Tirpitz's claim was that Germany was entitled to equal rights on the sea with Great Britain. We might just as reasonably have asked for equal rights on the Continent of Europe with Germany. It was always a matter of doubt whether Germany was entitled to sail the seven seas in honourable freedom as one of the maritime nations of the world. Von Tirpitz has obligingly proved to us that she has no such right.

⁂ ⁂

Until von Tirpitz made his disastrous snatch at sea-power the brotherhood of the sea was a living thing among the nations. The sighting of a distant vessel, of whatever nationality, meant another ally in the ever-present fight with death, the shadow of which is always over them that go down to the sea in ships. Von Tirpitz has changed all that. At any moment the apparently peaceful merchantmen flying the German flag may suddenly change itself into an up-to-date corsair, positively dressed to kill.

⁂ ⁂

The German Army, in spite of its many little devices of despair that are unworthy of a great nation, has shown often enough that it can, when necessary, put up a straight fight and hang the expense. But the German Army was built up by soldiers; whereas the German Navy was born of the wiles of a mere duck-shoving political intriguer. It will be a long time before a German ship on the high seas will be regarded as other than suspect; and for that calamity Germany has to thank her much-decorated and extremely hirsute Grand Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz.

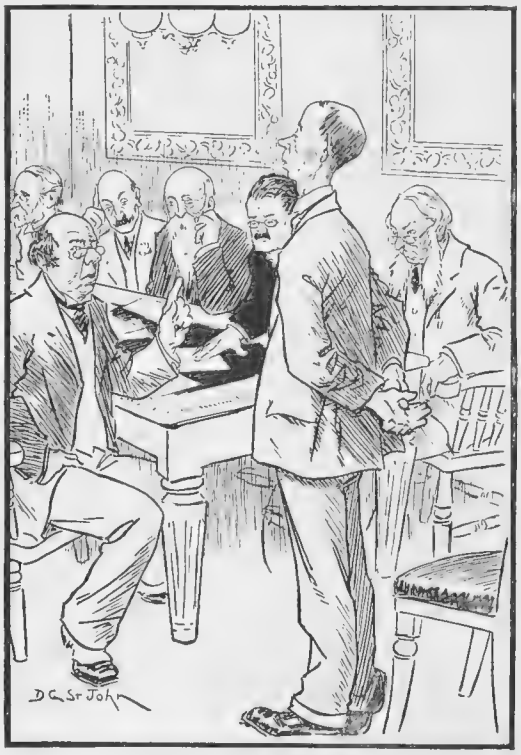
⁂ ⁂

They say the poor creature has now gone mad. His ordinary submarine policy was mad enough; but of late he had the fantastic notion that the U boats ought to make it their business to sink everything they found afloat, no matter to what nation it belonged, belligerent or neutral.

⁂ ⁂

So they will probably take the old man away and put him in a strait-waistcoat or in the padded-room, where he can pass his time in trying to unlock the imaginary hands that pale-faced women seem to be fastening round his throat, or in brushing away fearfully the ghosts of little children that are climbing in horrid quantities over the very convex outline of his capacious waistcoat.

Arnold Golsworthy



APPEAL DISMISSED

MEMBER OF TRIBUNAL: "Supposing a Zeppelin were overhead dropping bombs and you were at an anti-aircraft gun, what would you do?"

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR: "Miss it, like the others"

The Opportunist

OFFICER (going his rounds): "And what would you do in case of fire?"
SENTRY: "'Ave a blinkin' good warm, sir"

Le Dernier Cri de Paris

DESIGN FOR A DRESS FOR TOWN WEAR, IN BLUE SERGE AND *MOUSSELINE DE SOIE*

(1) Ruchings of black and white chiffon, held in place by a band of black ribbon

(2) Straw Hat fringed and tied with velvet ribbon

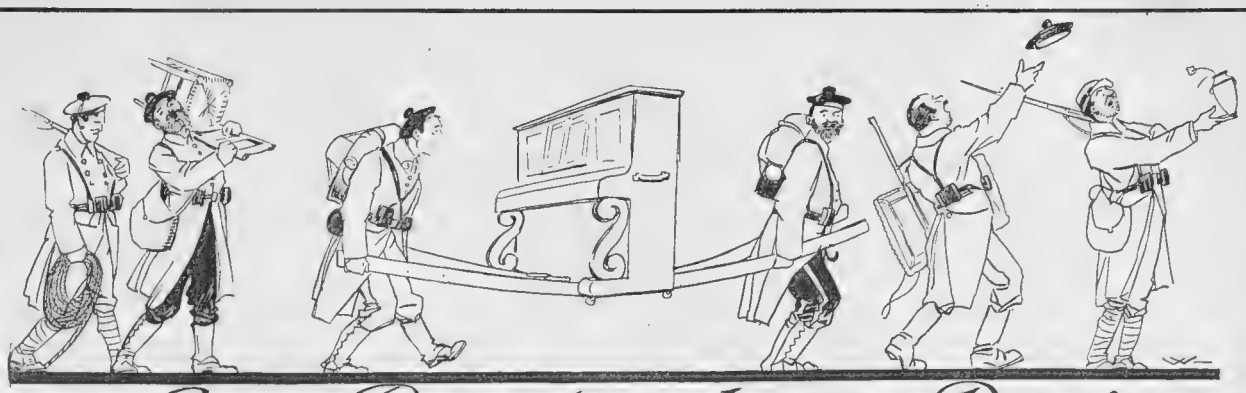
(3) Hat of soft black leather and rose *crêpe* with ribbon lacing; on the shoulders a high-collared cape fastening at the back

(4) A combination of black *picot* and rose *crêpe*, ornamented with a cluster of red and blue roses

(5) Large-brimmed Hat of rose satin and blue velvet, with one large blue rose at the side

(6) Toque of yellow straw set off with deep red roses

SOME EXAMPLES OF UP-TO-DATE HEADGEAR, AND A GOWN FOR WEAR IN TOWN



The Bystander in Paris

TWO LITTLE WAR PICTURES

A DESERT in Flanders. At first the sand-dunes seem to roll up uninterruptedly from the grey cannon-coloured sea back to the grey horizon. But there is a ripple in the sea of sand, and gradually, as the eye becomes accustomed to it, one realises that it is peopled. The ripples are trenches, French trenches zig-zagging in the foreground, and in the distance Germans zig-zagging to meet them. The men and their officers sleep as they can. The officers in a dug-out, the men on one another usually.

✲

THERE has been an afternoon's excitement. Twelve men that afternoon have made a find. In what was left of a house in a village just behind the first line they have found a small cottage piano. "We can't leave *that* there," the sergeant said, and the rest was easy. For these men whose clothes are hardly uniforms at all, these dirty, weary, bearded heroes who are fighting for France dread boredom far more than they dread a German bullet. They have found trestles, and in an outhouse a few yards of heavy cord. They have carried the little cottage piano to the trench under cover of the evening dusk, for a kindly mist has rolled up from the sea, and wrapped the landscape in a pall of damp grey fog, on which the German flares have no effect.

DINNER is over, and a lieutenant has seated himself at the piano. The night has crept up round the crouching men. The piano tinkles well-known tunes:

"Si tu *veux*
Faire mon bonheur
Marguer*ite*, Marguer*ite*
Si tu *veux*
Faire mon bonheur
Marguerite, *donne-moi ton cœur!*

The men sing in low voices and laugh contentedly. "This is a concert indeed. One would believe oneself in Pantruche," chuckles a Parisian. Pantruche, for Paris, is Parisian equivalent for "Blighty." Then—

"Viens Poupoule, viens Poupoule, Viens!"

dismisses all caution, and the men shout the loved old refrain till an officer begs them to be careful and to moderate their tones. The young lieutenant at the piano laughs at the men's enthusiasm.

"The door of the restaurant opens and two charming girls come in, flanking a private soldier"

✲

THEN, suddenly, he switches off into the "Marseillaise." There must have been magic in his finger tips, for gradually, out of the mist, vague figures which had not been there before materialise silently. They are like ghosts creeping out of the grey fog from the trenches round, and only when they come quite near can one see the laughing eyes, bearded faces, and white teeth of these Marine Fusiliers, and the red woollen tassels on their Glengarry caps. The young lieutenant bangs and thumps the keyboard of the small piano like a man inspired. The empty desert has peopled itself with blue ghosts now, and, prudence forgotten, hundreds of them have crept out of the desert of sand and silence, and hundreds of deep voices raise themselves in—

"Allons enfants de la patrie-e-e-e!"

✲

THE Germans have heard them. A flare goes up, another, and another. There is a shriek of a shell, but

(Continued on page 576)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded from page 575)

it falls far afield. And from the men in the sand-dunes who have risked their lives to cluster round that cottage piano, rises, triumphantly, the answer to the German shells—

"Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

"They are, in the charming war-phrase, 'ses deux marraines'"

A RESTAURANT in Paris, an unpretentious little restaurant in a side street of Montmartre. The diners are of all ages and classes, though the Bohemian element is predominant. Many are soldiers, of course. There is a young airman, hardly more than a boy, whom some friends are fêting. One guesses why, for the Cross of the Legion of Honour is startlingly new on his shabby old uniform. The civilians point it out to each other, and whisper. The old man with the black and green ribbon of 1870 in his buttonhole walks across, carrying his glass of beer, and solemnly clinks glasses with the aviator. Then, to the boy's confusion, he kisses him.

❋

WE should like to applaud, but our manners are good in Montmartre. The door of the restaurant opens, and two charming young girls come in, flanking a private soldier. He looks a bit bashful. Directly he speaks one realises that he is a peasant. The two girls are obviously ladies, and as obviously the war-stained *poilu*, who is their guest, knows them very slightly. They have adopted him. They are, in the charming war-phrase which is general all over France nowadays, *ses deux marraines*—his "godmothers." They are a little nervous about ordering dinner—obviously a little bit afraid of the bill at the end of it. But their "godson" is in Paris on four days leave.

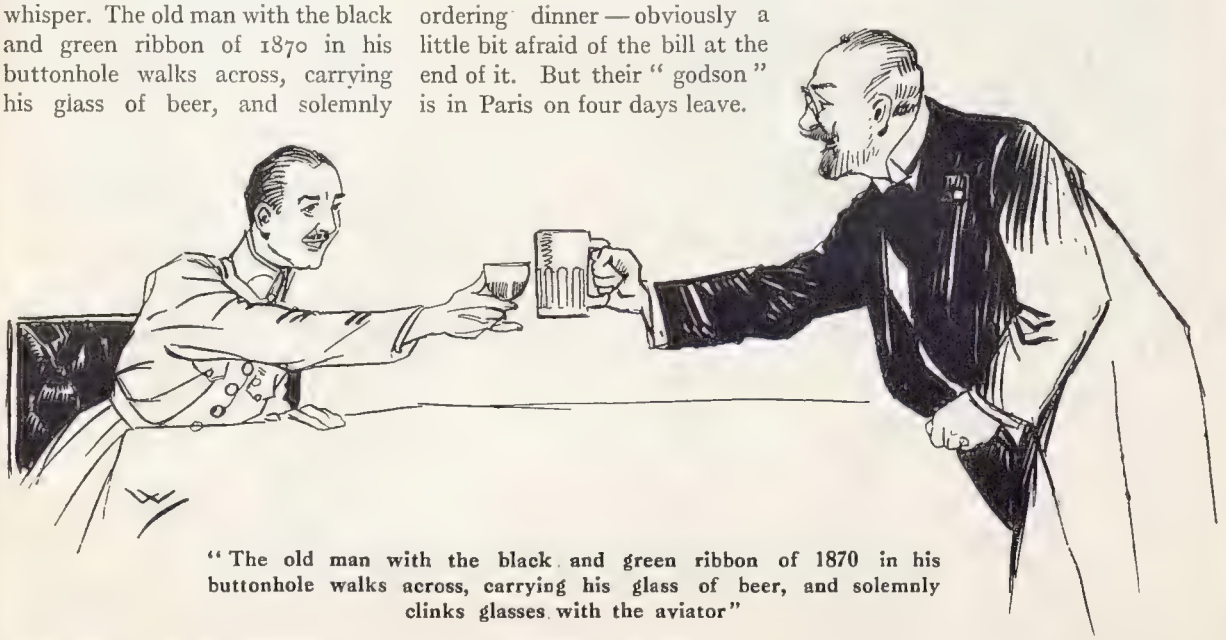
FOR months they have been sending him trifles to the trenches and keeping up correspondence with him, while he has been longing for this visit to the Paris he has never seen and always dreamed about. When he wrote that he hoped for leave they promised him entertainment, and even if it costs them all their pocket-money he must be given a good time. They lose their heads a little when it comes to dessert, and order peaches and an ice and little cakes. The *poilu* has enjoyed himself thoroughly. The evening must not be spoiled.

❋

THEY order coffee and liqueurs, and when she has asked for the bill the elder of the two peeps a little anxiously into her silver chain purse. The fat *patron* comes up to the table. "*Ces demoiselles* owe me nothing," he says with an air. "Nothing, but nothing at all. The addition has been arranged." The *poilu* laughs. The younger of the two sisters looks a little nervously at the laughing faces round her. The elder looks suspiciously at a smart young officer at the next table. But nobody appears to notice. The *patron* professes ignorance. He does not know who paid the bill, but the bill has been paid. "Now we can go to the cinema," says the younger sister. And both girls and their godson laugh happily.

The war in Paris has its lighter side, and the streets of Paris do not seem so dark that evening, somehow, as we go out into them.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL



"The old man with the black and green ribbon of 1870 in his buttonhole walks across, carrying his glass of beer, and solemnly clinks glasses with the aviator"

From Joy-Land to Yankee-Land?

Photograph *Bertram Park*

MLLE. YETTA RIANZA

The talented danseuse of the Hippodrome now appearing in "Joy-Land." She is also "première danseuse" at the Opera Comique, Paris, and is said to have received a tempting offer to appear for a season at the Winter Garden in New York

So Tantalising!

GERMAN SPY (ruefully): "Himmel! Dot vos too bad, 'To be continued next veek,' and I haf to be shot to-morrow!"

BY SECOND-LIEUT. C. E. B. BERNARD

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MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

The Conscientious Exhilarator

"Every encouragement should be given for singing and whistling."—(Extract from a "Military Manual.")

That painstaking fellow, Lieut. Orpheus, does his best, but finds it uphill work at times

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[*Captain Bairnsfather's sketches appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.*—ED.]

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"A Kiss for Cinderella" at Wyndham's

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS must be almost, if not quite, the best play that Sir James Barrie has written. It is a delightful "Fancy" about a Cinderella who is not really a Cinderella, and who begins by yearning for a Fairy Prince, and ends by falling in love with a common or garden policeman. It is not the kind of play that anyone is expected to follow laboriously. You sit and, as it were, absorb it. It grows on you as it proceeds. Apparently without sequence or purpose at the commencement, it develops into a well-ordered story, a perfect tale from dreamland, the humour of which is so delicately poised that here and there you find yourself inevitably hovering between the smile and the tear. On the programme the "Cinderella" of the play is called Miss Thing, a detail which conveys a subtle hint that she is a type rather than an individual. Miss Thing is represented with a rare perfection by Miss Hilda Trevelyan. She is by day the maid-of-all-work of a middle-aged artist. By night she is a mystery. Furthermore, there is a charge of something like larceny against her. Boards that the artist uses to darken his windows have been missing, and Miss Thing has been observed to be removing them stealthily from the premises.

A CASE for the police, obviously. Therefore, in comes "Our Policeman" (Mr. Gerald du Maurier) who, with the renowned wisdom of the Force, has at hand one or two conclusive tests that will settle matters. Is Germany her spiritual home, for instance? If not, all's well. Is she Genteel or is she Common? It seems that the police have an infallible test in respect of this problem. Give a lady an object of value, and if she is Genteel she tucks it in her snow-white bosom; if she is not Genteel she puts it—in her pocket. (I have been told that there are some ladies who, for greater safety, use the stocking; but, no doubt, I have been misinformed.) Unhappily, on being put to the test, Miss Thing proves to be Common; but that is all there really is against her. She is a little bit mad on the Cinderella question, because she has such a dainty little foot; and as we know it was because of her foot that Cinderella was finally chosen by her Fairy Prince. To

COMMUNICATING WITH THE ENEMY

prove her case, Miss Thing matches herself quite complacently against the Venus de Milo itself. As a result of running the tape over a plaster cast of Venus in her employer's studio, she wishes to remark that while Venus may be better endowed as to her "uppers," Miss Thing has the decided advantage when it comes to the question of a ladylike foot.

IN the second act we find what it is that Miss Thing does with the boards she steals from her employer's studio. She makes boxes out of them. The boxes are nailed against the wall and form cots for motherless children who might otherwise be unprotected. In fact, "Cinderella" is trying to "do her bit" against the most formidable odds. And here we see how sternly British Sir James Barrie is. In "Cinderella's" nursery there are four little girls. One is English, another French, another Belgian, and another—alien! Just that. In this terrible war we had been getting used to the rather un-British way of thinking that the best kind of alien, is a dead—alien; and here we have the gentle reminder that to us a helpless child has no nationality, and no particular status except its divine right to the "cup of cold water." It is true that the little English girl in the excitement of her rendering of "Ye Mariners of England" cannot help translating the word "foe" into the tiny person of the frightened alien beside her, and threatening violence accordingly; but this only accentuates the dainty humour of a tenderly droll situation.

MISS THING does other things besides looking after friendless babes. She makes coats for poor men, and prescribes medicine for sick women—at an inclusive charge of a penny a head, the latter, I believe, being in direct contravention of the laws made and provided for such contingencies. But her one obsession is in respect of the Fairy Prince, who must surely by this time have seen what a good sort she is, and what a really nice Princess she would make. It appears that there is a ball at Buckingham Palace that evening, and Miss Thing clings to the last moment to her fanciful hope that the Lord Chamberlain must be on his way with her formal invitation to that exalted function. And so she stands outside the front door of her mean little house, lest the Lord Chamberlain should mistake the address; and she waits until she falls asleep, and dreams of a ball that could

(Continued on page 584)

A Barrie Meditation Fancy Free

Sir James Barrie's exquisite "Fancy" at Wyndham's Theatre should prove very attractive to the play-going public. It is a piece in which delicate sentiment and joyous humour are combined with an art that is very rare indeed

London Nights Entertainments—*concluded*

only be the creation of such a brain as hers.

The last scene of the second act is devoted to the famous ball, which is a marvellously happy mixture of regal magnificence and commonplace personages. There is the Fairy Prince just as Miss Thing would naturally imagine him, bored to tears by a bevy of perfectly beautiful women, because, no doubt, they do not come up to the ideal that the indifferently beautiful Miss Thing must necessarily have inspired in his brain. The satire is so perfect, and yet so kindly withal. There is another thing that the merely beautiful women of Miss Thing's dream have not foreseen. That is, that something more than beauty is required for the wife of a Fairy Prince. Several of the gorgeous ladies in fact, on being tested with a clinical thermometer, give unmistakable evidence of a temperature that is not officially recognised in Royal Courts. They are, therefore, ordered summarily off the premises. I should think so, indeed! When Cinderella appears, it follows that the Prince is at once smitten with her totally indefinable charms. She may not be stately or beautiful, but she is Good, and we all know that Princes ask for no more than that. This delicate and beautiful "Fancy" that Sir James Barrie has written is a most delightful entertainment with a moral underneath its farcical pretensions that is by way of being a tract for the times. JINGLE

Photograph] MLLE. ANDRÉE MIELLY [*E. O. Hoppé*

Of "L'Enfant Prodigue" fame, her rendering of the part of "Pierrot Fils" being admittedly the most perfect seen on the stage since the character was created by the incomparable Jane May. Off the stage she is equally well-known as a member of the Croix Rouge, and has received the thanks of the French Government for the devotion which she has displayed in nursing wounded soldiers. She is here seen in male attire, in which she has before now gone about Paris undetected

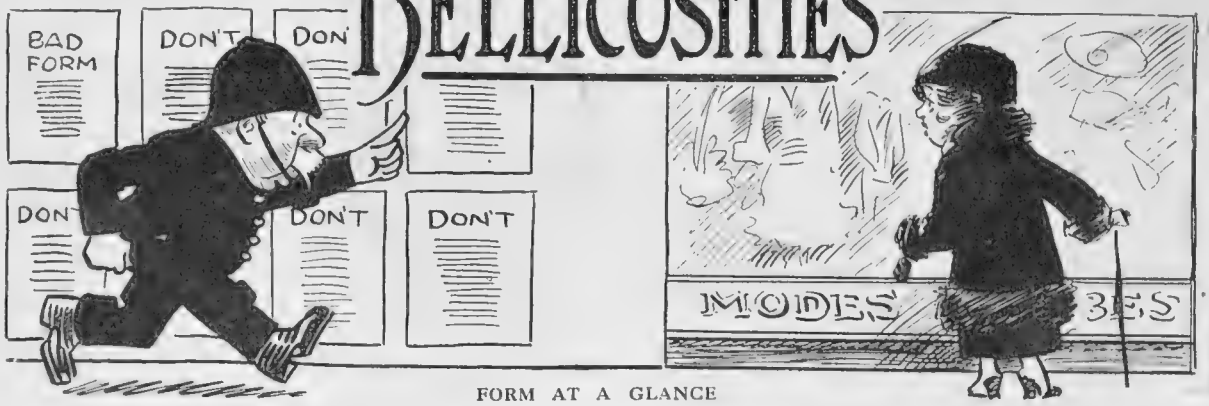
A Two-Hundredth Night Celebration

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS DORIS KEANE

Whose wonderful acting in the difficult part of the prima donna, Margherita Caval ini, is the chief factor in the remarkable success of the American play "Romance," which was produced nearly six months ago at the Duke of York's Theatre, and is still drawing crowded houses at the Lyric, where its 200th night is to be celebrated this evening (March 29)

BELLICOSITIES



FORM AT A GLANCE

True patriots all—we read with care
The lists of things we mustn't wear,
And, being patriots, we refuse
To buy new stockings, hats or shoes.
We wait the writing on the wall:
"Please don't wear any clothes at all."

AN art-student applying for exemption at one of the military tribunals stated that it was contrary to his profession to mutilate the beauties of the human form. He might change his opinion if he saw some of the sketches that are daily offered for sale in Fleet Street.

⁂

ANOTHER conscientious objector at the same tribunal said that Billingsgate is no place for a woman to be employed. Whence, then, does the "Fishwife" derive her characteristic vocabulary?

⁂

IN a recent police-court case relating to the theft of a horse and van, it transpired that the van was loaded with cases of foolscap for His Majesty's Government, and there was laughter in court. How rude! And yet . . .

AN evening paper under the heading "Fall of the Mark," says, "To-day's official rate for sight exchange on Germany (per 100 Marks) was 92.20 francs against 92.15 francs yesterday." This looks like a fall upstairs.

⁂

REVISED VERSION

The walrus and the carpenter advanced another inch.
The walrus said: "This Paris stunt does not appear a cinch."
"Some stumer," cried the carpenter, who saw no clocks to pinch.

ACCORDING to Mr. McKenna, the rise in the price of sugar is due to "the increase in the cost of production, and in freight and other charges." What the British housewife would like to hear now is the plain English for "other charges."

⁂

A MORNING paper, referring to the advance of the Lettish section of the Russian army, gives as headline: "Letts Surprise Prussians." Yes; let's.

AMONG the famous actresses who will take part in the Shakespeare Tercentenary Festival a contemporary mentions "Miss *Elen* Terry." Any relation to Gus of that ilk?

⁂

A SCOTSMAN who succeeded in enlisting after sixteen tries is stated to be a native of Ararat. We have always favoured the view that Noah was a Scotsman.

⁂

SOME excitement was caused at Toulon the other night by the appearance of a meteorite which fell into the sea close by a steam-tug. This looks like a serious breach of neutrality on the part of one of the planets.

⁂

FROM an evening contemporary: "Professor Gilbert Murray gave his lecture on Pagan religion at Gothenburg University. Later, he left Sweden." Perhaps the learned Professor was afraid he might have made some converts.

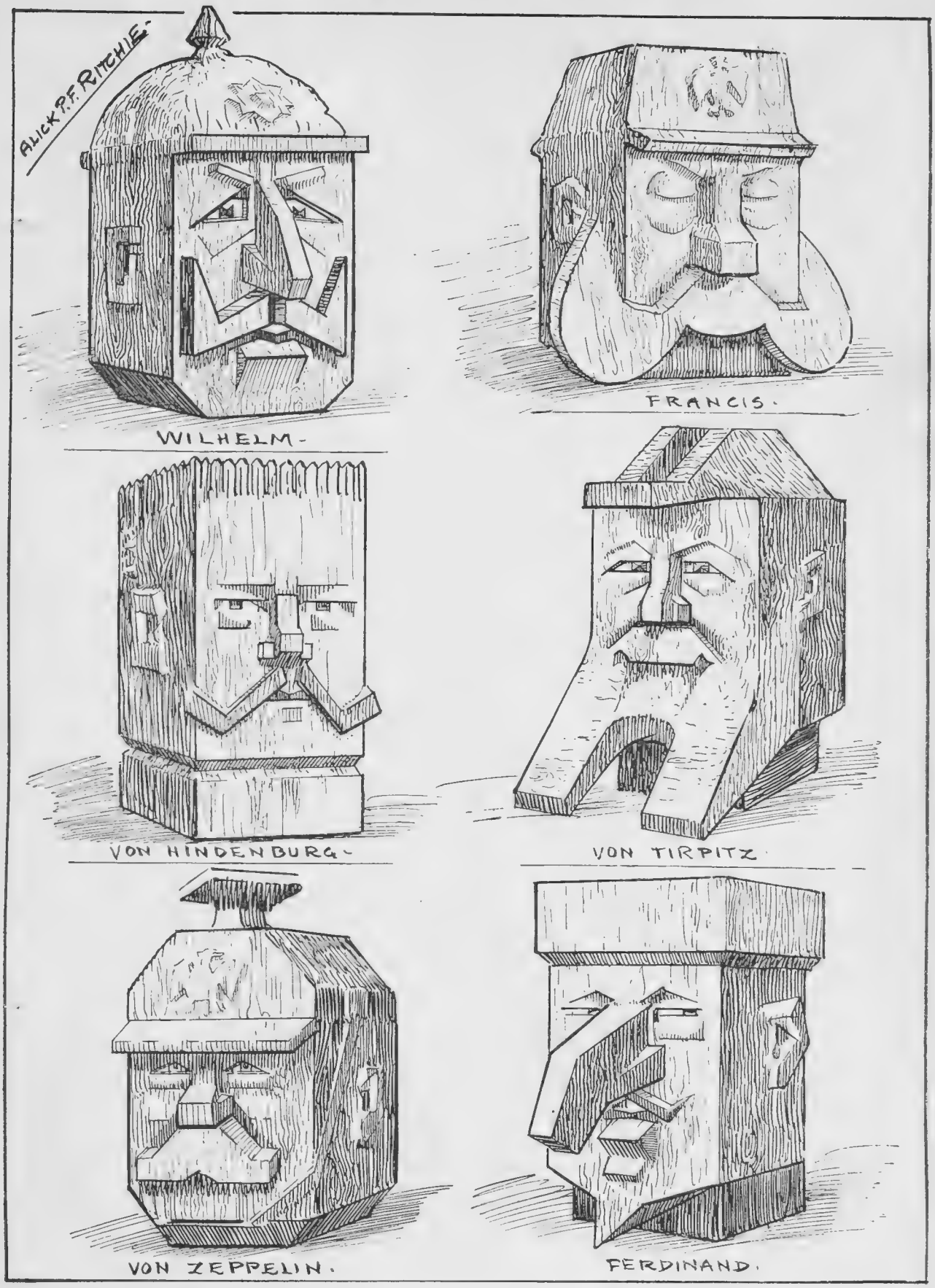
GIVING THE DEVIL HIS DUE

Admiral Tirps has got the sack.
And all the artists are wearing black,
For Haselden, Raven-Hill, Leete, and Poy
Were quite in love with the dear old boy,
While Reed (E. T.) admitted to me
That the like of those whiskers he never did see.

STRAIGHT FROM THE STABLE

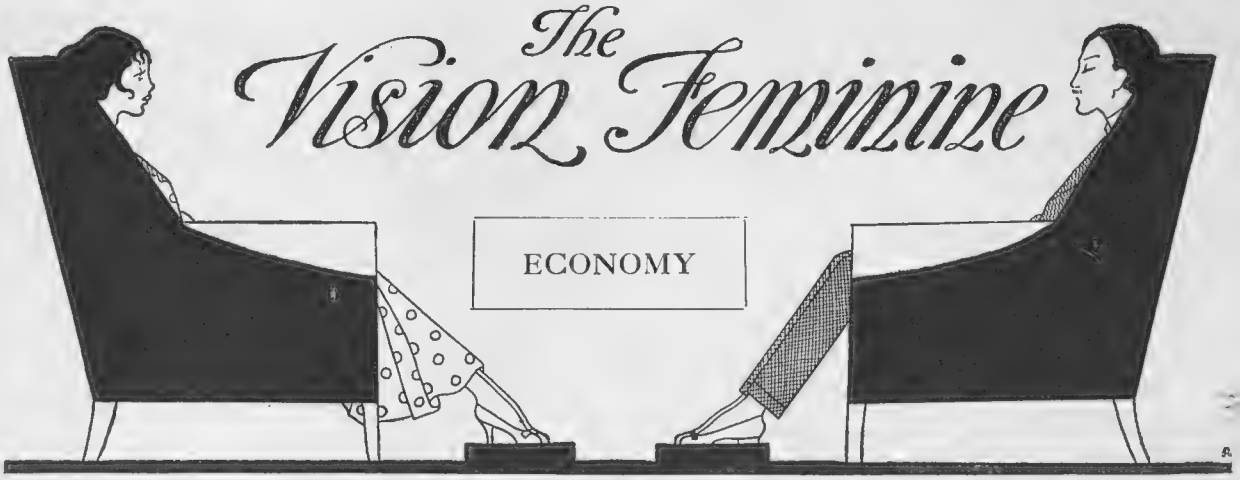
Actual evidence I have none,
But my aunt's charwoman's sister's son,
Heard a constable on his beat
Say to a housemaid in Downing Street
That he knew someone who had a friend
Who knew when the war was going to end.

Blockheads of Europe



Some experiments by our artist in that particular sphere of mathematics known as the finding of Cube Brutes

The Vision Feminine



BY "EFEMERA" *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

THIS time it is economy. Or, rather, all the time it is economy, according to a number of political gentlemen, who, so far, have shown little real personal interest in the matter. They take it out in preaching. But if they can preach, so can I, and, what is more, I am going to. The advantage of a lay sermon is that no one is obliged to listen to it—you are not, as it were, pinned down in a pew, unable either to protest or to go out, once the thing has begun, without causing a small scandal. There is another distinct advantage in a lay sermon: you do not have to put on your best hat to hear it—nay, you can listen in your most becoming *négligé*. Economy, therefore, is on the lay side. That brings me back to my subject—a nicely rounded period, what?

❀ ❀

OUR political masters and those ensconced in the seats of the mighty have said many and various things, and have made all sorts of recommendations, sage and—ahem!—the reverse. On the whole, it has been diverting reading. Some people seem to have the most extraordinary ideas of what economy really is; taking a taxi to buy butter a ha'penny a pound cheaper, for instance. Of course you can't expect everyone to look at everything in the same way, it would be so dull, but all the same....

❀ ❀

OBVIOUSLY it is very economical indeed not to pay income-tax on one's salary—one can save so much more and put it into War Loan—but, unfortunately, thrift of that description is beyond the reach of most of us. Actually we have little choice in the matter; it is not for us to say whether we will pay the tax or not. Perhaps the above-mentioned economists are afraid that were we free to choose we might elect to follow their exalted examples—and then.... But I have always been told by the learned that political and other high-sounding brands of economy are beyond the comprehension of any but the expert, *i.e.*, the politician. He receives understanding, I suppose, as a sort of chrism, on being elected—the divine spark.

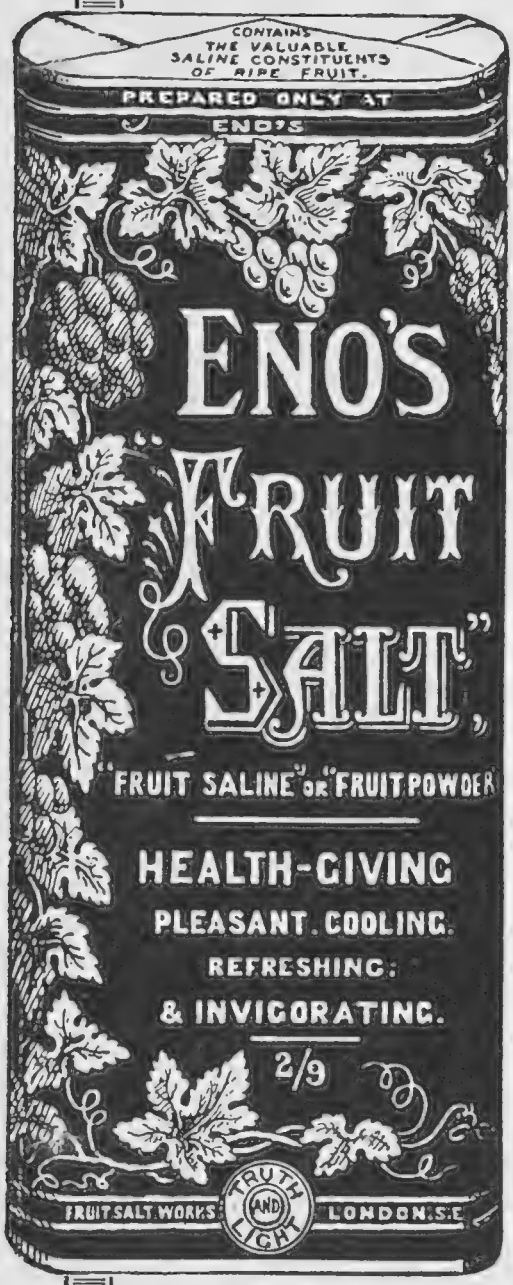
❀ ❀

SOME of the gleams it has lately sent forth have been very fitful, however—not much in the way of a guiding light. On the subject of clothes, for instance. For over a year now we have been implored to buy no new clothes whatever, to go on wearing our old ones, presumably for three years plus the duration of the war. Has anyone stopped to think what would happen were we literally to carry out this behest? Things *do* wear out, you know.... They get torn.... They shrink.... Every woman knows how her faithful, favourite, and cherished old frock suddenly one day dissolves into shreds.... And sometimes one grows unexpectedly fat.... Fortunately the warm season is approaching (if you don't believe me, get out your calendar and look at it), and I daresay the proper authorities will take time sufficiently by the forelock to repeal certain police regulations determining the degree of nakedness permissible in public places. Quite an Arcadian look, the parks will have, nymphs and all that. I suppose,

"Things do wear out, you know"

(Continued on page 590)

MEN OF POWERFUL PERSONALITY RECOGNISE THE VALUE OF HEALTH



IT is not from what a man *swallows*, but from what he *digests*, that blood is made. Pure blood means perfect health. Imperfect digestion and assimilation causes impure blood, bodily weakness, and mental apathy. Unsuitable food is a frequent contributory cause of indigestion and consequent stomach and intestinal disorders. Errors of diet can be quickly and safely corrected by the prompt use of

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

the natural remedy for preventing and relieving all functional disorders of the body's filter—the liver, enabling it to separate from the blood those carbonaceous matters which are dangerous to health.

Eno's 'Fruit Salt' contains valuable constituents of ripe fruit in a portable, agreeable, and simple form, and is in every respect as harmless as the juices of the fruits from which it is obtained.

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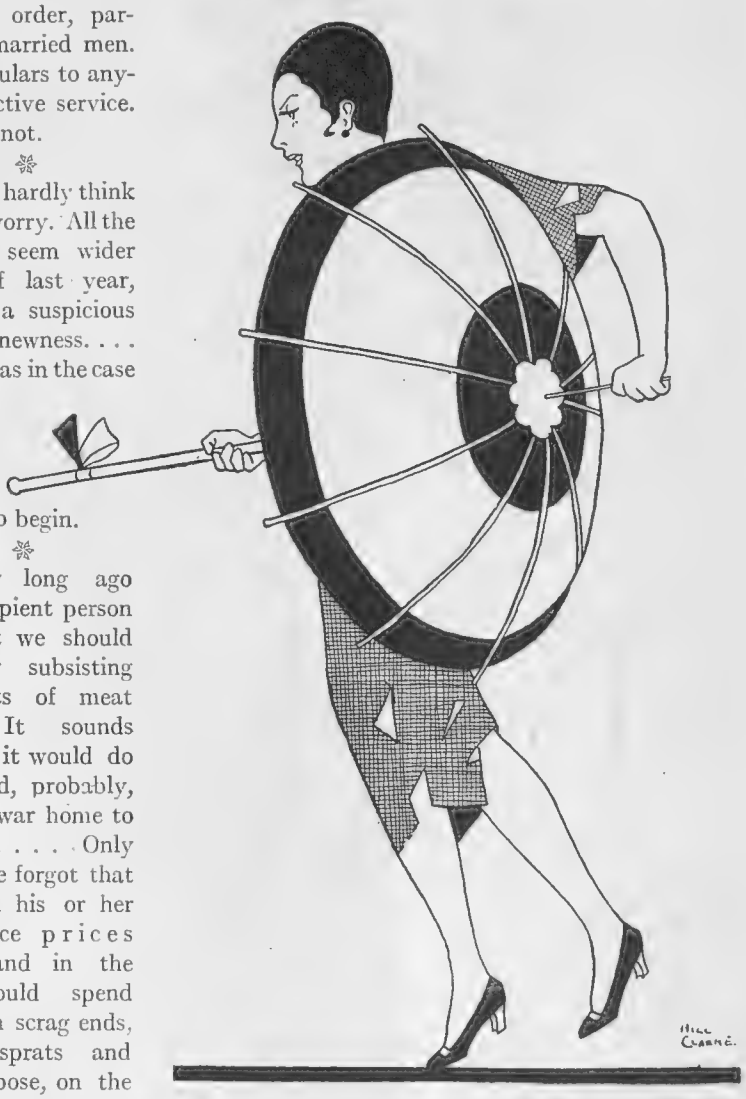
J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, London, S.E.

THE VISION FEMININE (concluded from page 588)

at a pinch one could hide a lot behind a sunshade. We might have to evolve some kind of drill—certainly an invariable rule of the road for pedestrians: Keep to the left. Parasols held to the right. Blinkers, too, would be in order, particularly for married men. And no binoculars to anyone not on active service. No, certainly not.

❀ ❀

SOMEHOW, I hardly think we need worry. All the skirts I see seem wider than those of last year, and there is a suspicious appearance of newness. . . . But I daresay, as in the case of the untaxed salaries, we are all only waiting for someone else to begin.



"We might have to evolve some kind of drill"

❀ ❀

NOT very long ago some sapient person suggested that we should economise by subsisting on cheap cuts of meat and fish. It sounds beautiful, and it would do us lots of good, probably, and bring the war home to the wealthiest. . . . Only the sapient one forgot that if we followed his or her excellent advice prices would rise, and in the end we should spend untold gold on scrag ends, brisket, and sprats and winkles, I suppose, on the half-shell — leaving the distracted housewife who has to do her marketing on fifteen bob a week to feed her family on prime beef, Aylesbury duckling, and soles at something like two shillings a pound. This shows you how ignorant I am of economy—the real, theoretic, gilded kind—for I have no answer to the problem. But there does seem to be something wrong with this particular proposition, somewhere. . .

❀ ❀

THERE are lots of little economies which might be practised, but being small they have doubtless escaped the notice of the professional economist. Such little things, I mean, as growing mustard and cress on one's bath sponge between baths. Of course one would have to diminish the frequency of one's ablutions, but what a saving that would be in soap and water—not to mention bath crystals and scented oatmeal and all sorts of things.

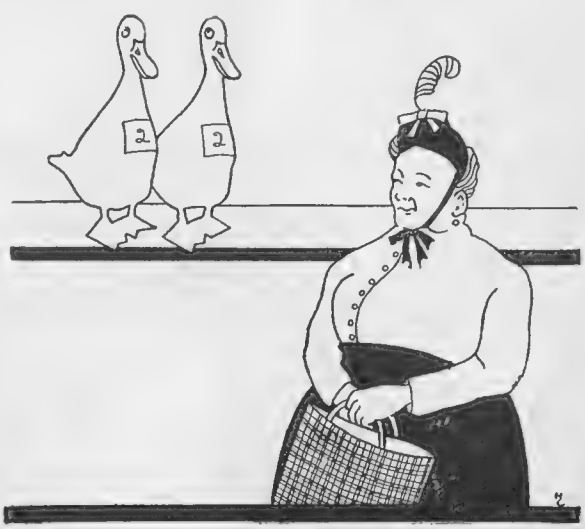
❀ ❀

WE might try mushrooms in our cellars and rabbits in the area—I am told they will grow anywhere. Goats like steep places, and almost any roof ought to make a very happy hunting-ground for the pretty creatures. Besides, the advantage of goats is that they will eat anything, newspapers, old hats, and boots and tins—and that would save the dustman. Fewer dustmen, or none at all, need be employed if every household kept a goat, and how it would buck everyone up! a real stimulus! Incidentally, it would provide the family with milk, if of the proper sex. That, of course is important. If in addition we grew parsley, lettuces, radishes, and carrots instead of flowers in our window-boxes, and bred fish in a tub in the court, we should be almost independent of butcher, milkman, greengrocer, and fishmonger. So little trouble, too. Just a few more pets. . . .

❀ ❀

YOU see, that is where the big economist goes wrong; he never thinks of all these little things, the ones that really might prove a help and a saving — his mind goes circling off like an aeroplane around all sorts of unpractical changes that would upset people's minds and make them thoroughly miserable, take away all their pleasures and leave them idle instead of giving them new and interesting things to do. His enthusiasm for economical reform is vicarious, not personal — that sort of thing, to be successful, ought to begin at home. We want example, not precept.

EFEMERA



"Leaving the distracted housewife who has to do her marketing on fifteen bob a week to feed her family on prime beef and Aylesbury duckling"

BY ROYAL WARRANT TO H.M. THE KING.

Time tests Quality

The high standard of quality originally set up by **LEA & PERRINS** for their famous sauce has been maintained for over 70 years. There are many so-called Worcestershire sauces, but there is only *one* Lea & Perrins

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Our Brave Soldiers and Sailors are doing much for us

What can we do for them?

Everybody can do something by helping the

Church Army Recreation Huts, Tents, and Clubs.

We have numerous Huts, etc., in all parts of the United Kingdom, in Flanders (some under shell-fire), France, Malta, Egypt, Salonica, British East Africa, Mesopotamia, and India. Others are being added almost daily.

Weary, Worn, Wet from the Trenches.

On the Western Front we have (among many other Huts, etc.) a Soldiers' Club in PRISON VAULTS in a ruined City, another on a Barge on the CANALS, several in BARNS.

SPECIAL HUTS AT NAVAL BASES FOR MEN OF THE FLEETS.

Each Hut, etc., provides facilities for Reading, Writing Letters, Music and Entertainments, Light Refreshments, Drying Clothes, some with Hot and Cold Baths, Quiet Corner for Private Prayer and Meditation, all requisities for Sunday and Week-day Services, and a WARM WELCOME from the experienced Church Army Evangelist-in-Charge.

HUTS COST £300; Section of Hut, £20;
TENTS COST £150; Equipment, £100;
Week's Working, £5 Abroad, £2 at Home.

MANY MORE HUTS, Etc., URGENTLY REQUIRED.

H.R.H THE PRINCESS ROYAL (President of Recreation Branch) will gratefully receive Books, Magazines, Pictures, Flags, Games, Tobacco and Cigarettes, Gramophones and Records, Pianos, Billiard Tables, Warm Clothing and Woollies, and other things for the use of the men in the Huts, Tents and Clubs, addressed to her at 55, Bryanston St., London, W.

Cheques, &c., should be crossed "Barclay's, a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.

The War Call of Charity

HOW IT HAS BEEN ANSWERED

THE OPERATING THEATRE OF THE URGENCY CASES HOSPITAL AT REVIGNY

In these ruthless days of war it is singularly comforting to find that the good angel, Charity, has spread her chaste wings so benignly over the length and breadth of the land. Everywhere one hears of the praiseworthy efforts which are being made in a thousand and one directions towards the alleviation of the pain and suffering which this colossal world-conflict has bred. Apart from the humanitarian point of view and its charitable and moral value, such good work has an inestimable practical worth at the present time; it is a highly important economic factor in the prosecution of the war. Much of the work now being done by these various charitable organisations would otherwise of necessity devolve upon Governmental departments, whose burden is, in all conscience, heavy enough as it is.

The Church Army

It may be safely asserted that no organisation has done more for the physical, moral, and spiritual welfare of our fighting-men than the Church Army. Out there in France, Salonica, Mesopotamia, India, Egypt, Malta, at Continental ports of disembarkation — as well as at a large number of home ports and training centres —are to be found Church Army Recreation Huts. These huts are hospitably wind and weather-proof, and comprise a Buffet, Post Office, Reading-Room, Concert Hall, Bath and Dressing-Rooms—and that the accommodation is of no mean order may be judged by the fact that some of the huts have a capacity for over a thousand guests. The facilities for correspondence are much appreciated, writing material being provided free, and many thousands of letters every month are evolved in the shelter of these Huts—letters to mothers, sweethearts, wives, and sisters, letters bringing smiles and tears in the richness of their pathos—letters which might probably never have been written but for the accommodation which the Church Army Huts provide.

On the canals of Flanders, many now, alas! robbed of their picturesque beauty by the devastation of war, a canal barge plays the part of a hut and affords similar comforts.

The Church Army's Motor Kitchen Cars take up their stations as near as possible to the main trenches, where they dispense hot soup and other nourishing and sustaining refreshments to the men as they come and go from their spell of duty. Only those who have put in many trying days in the trenches can appreciate to the full what such facilities mean.

Another branch of Church Army service consists of Motor Ambulance Cars. An adequate supply of such cars is obviously of supreme importance. The sooner our soldiers receive proper hospital treatment after they are wounded the greater their chance of recovery, and this splendid service of Church Army Ambulances will, by ensuring rapid and comfortable transit, undoubtedly save many hundreds of lives and minimise the suffering of our brave men. Whilst

(Continued on page 594)

MISS C. I. BRASS

Who, with Miss E. S. Burrows, is running a car of which they are the joint owners, as an ambulance in connection with Mrs. Symonds' "Entente Cordiale" Ambulance behind the French lines

THE WAR CALL OF CHARITY (continued from page 593)

not far from the Western theatre of operations, in addition to those officially controlled, a special war hospital, with no less than a hundred beds, has been erected and equipped and is now maintained by this efficient charitable body.

In addition to the valuable services just described, the Church Army has sent thousands of parcels of comforts to the men in the trenches, and British prisoners of war in Germany.

The Society has many calls for additional huts, tents, etc., and £50,000 is urgently required for the purposes of extension and maintenance. Cheques should be crossed "Barclays" and directed to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.

❋ ❋

Great Northern Central Hospital

I HAVE just seen an advance copy of the annual report of this well-known General Hospital, from which may be gathered some idea of the valuable war-work being done there. In the hospital itself, 110 beds have been set aside for our sick and wounded men, with a further 40 beds at the Reckitt Convalescent Home at Clacton. Six hundred and twenty-six soldiers from the various fronts have been treated within the past year, and although many of the cases were of a very serious character, only five deaths are recorded, which speaks volumes for the care and efficiency of the hospital staff. In the out-patient and casualty departments no less than 1,200 men in training in this country have received treatment. This year the hospital celebrates its Diamond Jubilee, and makes a special appeal to the generosity of the public—the need for a Nurses' Home is very great. Donations should be directed to Mr. Gilbert G. Panter, Secretary, Great Northern Central Hospital, Holloway Road, N.

A CHURCH ARMY HUT OF STONE AT MALTA

Urgency Cases Hospital

FEW appeals are more deserving than that which is made on behalf of the wounded soldiers of France. Verdun—and all that it has meant to the brave French soldiers fighting there and, incidentally, to us—is fresh in our memories. The French Government medical and nursing service, like our own, is admirably equipped and highly efficient; but again, like our own, it needs to be supplemented by private endeavour. In the present situation we, who are spared the horrors and the losses of invasion, surely owe some debt to the gallant soldiers of France who are helping to spare us. We can do something towards discharging this debt by supporting the Urgency Cases Hospital for France, which has been established at Revigny. This hospital is staffed by British surgeons and nurses, and is maintained at the cost of the people of the British Isles, aided by the generous support of the French Government. It has met with the warm approval of the French medical authorities, and has been remarkably successful.

The Hon. Secretary, 37, Queen's Gate, London, S.W., will gratefully acknowledge donations to this work of mercy and love.

❋ ❋

Croix Rouge Française

SUCH operations as the heroic struggle before Verdun impose a heavy strain upon the many hospitals maintained in the war zone by the Croix Rouge Française, and any help which is given to that organisation is of direct value in forwarding the great objective of a successful and speedy end to the war. The London Committee of the Croix Rouge Française, of which H.E. the French Ambassador is President, will gratefully welcome gifts of clothing, food, comforts, drugs, surgical stores, and, above all, the money to buy

(*Continued on page 596*)

A GROUP OF OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE CHURCH ARMY

With Prebendary Carlile in their midst outside the Church Army recreation hut in Grosvenor Square

A Glorious Work is handicapped——

The lack of resources is crippling a work both noble and deserving, and France looks to us to carry on the work of mercy we have begun. French charity has done much, but because of the enemy's invasion of some of France's richest territory its industry is paralysed—money is scarce.

The Urgency Cases Hospital for France

is at Revigny, is staffed by British Surgeons and British Nurses, and maintained by the people of Britain, aided by the generous support of the French Government. It is our gift to the severely wounded soldiers of our gallant ally. The hospital is under the direct superintendence of eminent surgeons and has the warm approval and support of the French Military Medical authorities. You can show your appreciation for our brave ally and assist in the glorious work of life-saving by contributing to this appeal.

Will You Help ?

Send your donation—and please send it quickly!—to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. James Baird, at 37, Queen's Gate, London, S.W., who will gratefully acknowledge your help.

Originator: Miss E. L. C. Eden (Hon. Secretary National Union of Trained Nurses).

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President: Sir Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., F.R.C.S.
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Miss Swift, Matron-in-Chief, British Red Cross Society. The Order of St. John of Jerusalem.
Miss A. E. Gibson (late Matron Birmingham Infirmary).
Miss P. Gadsden (Matron, Officers' Hospital, 24, Park Street, W.)

"I was in prison and ye came unto Me."

Help British Prisoners of War in Germany

What would be your feelings if your dearest friend, brother or son were in the enemy's hands suffering the miseries of hunger and bodily discomfort for want of common necessities? Would you not strive to help them to your utmost? Surely. Yet at this time we are all as one family — these men are our brothers in adversity, needing and crying out for material help. Will you not contribute to their cause through this fund?

> One Prisoner writes: "I cannot thank you adequately for such kindness to a stranger. The contents of both parcels were just the right sort of things most needful.—G.S."

Even as you look for protection from the soldiers and sailors now defending our cause, give to this fund now. The parcels, value 7/6, include everything that is known to be necessary for the welfare and comfort of the Prisoners. Any sum, large or small, will be gratefully received by

REV. HUGH B. CHAPMAN
ROYAL SAVOY ASSOCIATION
7 SAVOY HILL, LONDON, W.C

Wounded Horse from the Front at our Dumb Friend League's BLUE CROSS HOSPITAL in France.

If you sympathise with the War Horses, which under the best conditions must undergo considerable suffering, fright and pain, we earnestly ask you to help the

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PRESIDENT - - LADY SMITH-DORRIEN.

FOR PATRIOTIC, ECONOMIC & HUMANE REASONS.

Donations to ARTHUR J. COKE, Secretary.
Offices - - 58, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

THE WAR CALL OF CHARITY (*continued from page 594*)

these and similar articles. All gifts should be sent to the Hon. Secretary at the Headquarters of the London Committee, 9, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.

❋ ❋

The Royal Savoy Association

THIS Association was founded for the relief of British prisoners of war by the Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, Chaplain of the Royal Chapel of Savoy. Parcels containing tea, coffee, condensed milk, biscuits, soup tablets, soap, towels, and such like necessaries are dispatched once a fortnight to the loneliest and most friendless of our prisoners in the various camps in Germany. In addition to the various regiments receiving help from this Association—which include the Cheshires, Gordon Highlanders, South Lancashires, East Surreys, etc.—there are many steamship men and interned civilians. Monetary gifts, as well as flannel shirts and hand-knitted socks, are urgently required, and these should be directed to the Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, Royal Savoy Association, 7, Savoy Hill, Strand, W.C.

❋ ❋

R.S.P.C.A.

THE R.S.P.C.A. is such an old-established and world-famous organisation that little need be said regarding its general aims in days of peace. Its war-time activities, however, are naturally of comparatively recent growth, and it is highly interesting to note the power of such a well-organised body in a crisis like the present, with all the highly perfected knowledge of the subject possessed by the numerous experts on its committee. The Society works in harmonious co-operation with the Army Council, and does inestimable service towards the saving of the horses and mules which, notwithstanding all the advantages of motor transport, play such an important part in the war. But for the horses it would be quite impossible to convey guns and men to many important points in a hilly and otherwise difficult country, where motor transport is out of the question. The R.S.P.C.A. have expended in the past year £50,000, and the extension of the war to the Near East and elsewhere demands the raising of a further £25,000 to £30,000. The Society, therefore, appeals both on utilitarian and humanitarian grounds. Donations should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, 104-5, Jermyn Street, St. James's, S.W.

THE HON. RAJAH SIR MUHAMMAD ALI MUHAMMAD, K.C.I.E.
Who has undertaken the distribution of the Indian Muslim Soldiers' Widows and Orphans Fund in India

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The Purple Cross Service

THIS organisation, which has received the authorisation of the French Minister of War to work in the army zone, was formed on the initiative of Miss Lind-af-Hageby. Hospitals have been established at Vesoul, Fontain, and Bordeaux. Here the weary, worn, and maimed war horses receive all the humane attention they so well deserve. The staff of the Purple Cross Hospital also meet the boats which bring the horses from America for the French Army, and as many of the poor animals sustain ghastly injuries during the long and possibly tempestuous sea voyage, this is, indeed, a valuable innovation. A special appeal is made on behalf of the large hospital at Vesoul, situated close to the area which is the scene of such violent conflicts at the present time. Funds are required to maintain this hospital and increase its activity in order to meet the urgent claims of the moment. The address of the Purple Cross Service is 170, Piccadilly, W.

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The Blue Cross Fund

THE above Fund (a branch of Our Dumb Friends' League) is not, as many people suppose, a newly established charity. It made its début some four years ago, but it has certainly come into such prominence of late owing to its splendid work in the interests of the horses of war that the misapprehension is, perhaps, excusable. The French Government has accorded full recognition to the Fund, and there are now six well-equipped hospitals in France staffed by British surgeons and assistants, and everything possible is being done to mitigate the sufferings of our four-footed friends, whose part in the present conflict is, indeed, not a small one. Lady Smith-Dorrien, the President, makes an earnest appeal for the Fund to enable this humane work to be continued and extended. Subscriptions should be addressed to Mr. Arthur J. Coke, 58, Victoria Street, S.W.

❋ ❋

A Fund for Indian Soldiers

APART from the material good it is doing in the interests of the widows and orphans of the Indian Muslim soldiers, this is a Fund with an important political significance, a fact which should not be lost sight of when estimating its claims upon our benevolence. Mr. Duse Mohamed, the organiser and hon. secretary, has devoted his energies to the Fund for close upon a year, and notwithstanding a considerable amount of internal prejudice and opposition, he has achieved abundant success in proving to his co-religionists in India, by means of this Fund, both materially and sentimentally, that the British people are in no way antagonistic to Islam, and anything approaching religious persecution or proscription is entirely opposed to their inherent love of justice and liberty. No one is better qualified to deal with such a Fund than Mr. Duse Mohamed, a widely travelled gentleman of exceptional culture. The ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid bestowed upon him the Order of the Medijiah in recognition of his services to Islam. The Fund to which he is at present devoting so much energy has for its patroness the Duchess of Marlborough. The Hon. Rajah Sir Muhammad Ali Muhammad, K.C.I.E., who enjoys the somewhat unique position of being a trusted counsellor of the Government and at the same time a well-loved leader of the public, has undertaken to see that the Fund is carefully and economically administered in India. Subscriptions should be addressed to Mr. Duse Mohamed, 158, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

(*Continued on page 598*)

INDIAN MUSLIM SOLDIER'S WIDOWS AND ORPHANS WAR FUND

BRITISH OFFICER: "What can I do for you, comrade?"
DYING INDIAN: "Help those!"

"Charity begins at Home!"

BRITISH HELP TO INDIA

Patron-in-Chief:
HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

The "Spectator" says: "We sincerely hope that this Fund will be well supported. We owe much to our gallant Muslim soldiers, and it would be a source of deep regret to all who know and understand our Indian Army if the public here failed to show its appreciation by helping the families of the fallen."

"Truth" says: "Though so many claims are being made upon the charity of the public, it is to be hoped that the Indian Muslim Soldiers' Widows and Orphans War Fund will be generously supported."

Patrons:

His Excellency the Japanese Ambassador and Madame Inouye.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Headley. The Rt. Hon. Sir J. West Ridgeway.
Leopold de Rothschild, Esq., C.V.O. The Earl of Ronaldshay, M.P.
The Hon. Aubrey Herbert, M.P. Sir Frank Campbell Gates.
Sir Daniel Mackinnon Hamilton. Lawrence Currie, Esq.
Thomas Jewell Bennett, Esq. Sir Arundel Tagg Arundel.
Lieut.-Col. Sir David Barr. S. S. Thorburn, Esq.
Sir William Ovens Clark. Sir James Wilson, &c., &c.

Managing Committee:

Prince Abdul Karim Khan of Sachchin.
Rev. Maulvi Sadr-ud-Din, B.A. (The Mosque, Woking).
Shaikh M. H. Kidwai, Esq., Barrister-at-Law of Gadia.
Dr. Ismail Murtado, B.A., L.R.S.P., M.R.C.S.
M. T. Kaderbhoy, Esq., Barrister-at-Law (President "Anjumane-zia-ul-Islam," Bombay).

The Honourable Raja Sir Mohamed Ali Mohamed, Khan Bahadur, K.C.I.E.,

of Mahmudabad, Oudh, has undertaken the distribution of the Fund in India through a Committee, and a second instalment has already been sent to him.

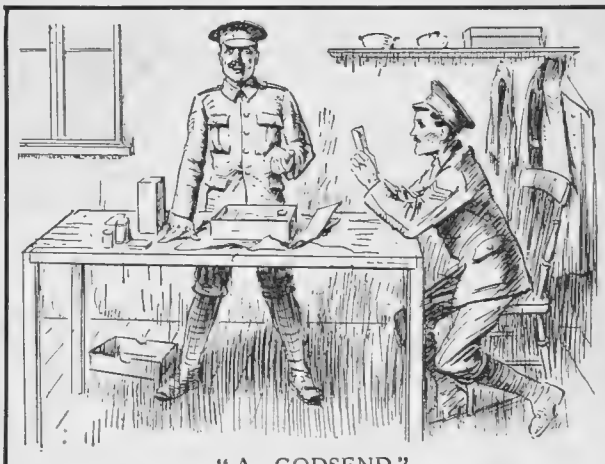
Cheques and Postal Orders, payable "Indian Muslim Soldiers', Widows and Orphans War Fund," and crossed "London City and Midland Bank," Law Courts Branch, should be forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, Duse Mohamed, 158, Fleet Street, London, E.C., to whom all communications should be addressed.

A PATIENT AT THE VESOUL HOSPITAL FOR WOUNDED AND SICK ARMY HORSES IN FRANCE.

Severely wounded horses pour into this hospital every week from the battle lines for treatment and care. Will animal lovers help to carry on this much needed work?

PURPLE CROSS SERVICE, 170, Piccadilly, W.

Hon. General Secretary, MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY.



"A GODSEND."

Food and Smokes from the Dear Homeland.

The above drawing from a pencil sketch by a repatriated disabled prisoner expressively depicts the delight with which parcels from home are received.

The

British Prisoners of War Food and Clothing Fund

EARNESTLY APPEALS for <u>your</u> help to enable them to continue the weekly parcels of necessaries to over 200 prisoners, names furnished by the Regimental Committees and the CIVILIAN SUB-COMMITTEE of the Prisoners of War Help Committee to avoid overlapping.

DONATIONS and SUBSCRIPTIONS gratefully received by Miss C. KNOWLES, *Hon. Treasurer and Secretary*, 17, KENSINGTON GORE, S.W. All enquiries should be addressed to the Offices, 22, TREVOR SQUARE, S.W., where visitors are welcome.

THE WAR CALL OF CHARITY (concluded from page 596)

British Prisoners of War

DURING the winter of 1914-15, lamentable to relate, many of our prisoners of war in Germany succumbed to the rigours of the cold and insufficiency of food. The present winter fortunately finds a much more propitious state of affairs existing, due, to a large extent, to the energies of the British Prisoners of War Fund. This admirable organisation dispatches parcels weekly to individual men, and every care is taken to avoid any overlapping, the names of such men being furnished by the Civilian Sub-Committee of the Prisoners War Help Committee, and Regimental Committees. Parcels of clothing are now being sent weekly to over 200 prisoners. Contributions of money (all of which is spent entirely on Food and Clothing) and of shirts, pants, vests, socks, mufflers, mittens, gloves, cardigan or warm waistcoats are most urgently needed.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra recently paid a visit to the Clothing Depôt, 22, Trevor Square, and was greatly interested in the work of packing parcels for our Prisoners of War in Germany. Further information concerning the packing of parcels may be obtained from Miss C. Knowles, 17, Kensington Gore, S.W., to whom donations of money should also be addressed.

The Ladies' Emergency Committee

VERY useful work is being done by the Ladies' Emergency Committee of the Navy League. To all the prisoners from His Majesty's ships, who are interned in Germany, parcels to the value of five shillings containing foodstuffs and tobacco, are sent weekly, as well as small sums of money to enable the men to purchase such necessaries—or, perhaps, comparatively speaking, luxuries—as margarine, milk, and so forth. Cheques should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, 47, Grosvenor Square, W.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

AS this wonderful charity has been in existence for close on half a century it is quite impossible to compile anything like a complete list of the old boys who are playing their part in the war. It is known, however, that no less than 6,810 are serving in the Army and Navy and Mercantile Marine, 2,966 of which are in the Canadian contingents. Several of the boys have gained commissions in the Army, one having reached the rank of major. Donations, subscriptions, parcels of blankets and clothing may be addressed William Baker, Esq., M.A., LL.B., Honorary Director, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

In Conclusion

THE foregoing gives some idea of what some of the more important organisations are doing towards the reduction of the burden of war. Donors may select one or more of the charities which appeal most strongly to their personal sympathies and draw their cheques in the confidence that their donations are going to quarters where they will be devoted to the best advantage, and at the same time enjoy the moral stimulus afforded by the knowledge that they are helping a most deserving cause — the cause of our fighting men and the cause of our fair country.

D. MACMILLAN MUIR

G^t Northern Central Hospital,

HOLLOWAY, N.

(Popularly known as the Great Northern Hospital.)

284 Beds at the Hospital and Convalescent Home.

2,900 In-Patients, 91,000 Out-Patient attendances annually.

£23,000 Needed Annually.

150 Beds for Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

DONATIONS and BEQUESTS URGENTLY NEEDED.

GILBERT G. PANTER, *Secretary.*

WILL YOU HELP
the
ROYAL NAVY PRISONERS OF WAR
in Germany?
The
LADIES' EMERGENCY COMMITTEE
of the NAVY LEAGUE
(*President:* Admiral LORD BERESFORD, G.C.B.)

APPEALS FOR FUNDS

to supply their URGENT NEEDS of necessaries and comforts.

Weekly parcels (value 5/-) of FOOD and TOBACCO are despatched to every prisoner (from any of H.M. Ships). Bread is also sent regularly (from Holland), and underclothing from time to time.

A repatriated R.N. Prisoner from Giessen informed the Committee that without these parcels from home the prisoners would absolutely starve.

To the submarine prisoners in Turkey gifts of money—the most practical form of help for them—are regularly sent.

PLEASE SEND US A DONATION or become a regular weekly or monthly subscriber of a small sum.

All cheques should be made payable to the LADIES' EMERGENCY COMMITTEE, and addressed to the *Hon. Secretary*, 47, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL
(FREE)

(Incorporated under Royal Charter.)

FOUNDED 1851.

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases.

No "Letters" Required.

Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.

Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand.

Secretary—FRED W. HOWELL.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

CHARTER:

NO DESTITUTE CHILD EVER REFUSED ADMISSION

No Waiting List.
No Votes Required.

This is a Photograph of "One Day's Admissions" recently. There were 20 Children—two babies suffering from whooping cough could not be included in the group.

Will you help some destitute little one up the steps of Dr. Barnardo's Homes?

When sending Gifts please mention *The Bystander*. Cheques and orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes" and crossed (Notes should be Regd.) may be sent to the Honorary Director, William Baker, M.A., LL.B., at 18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.

What the R.S.P.C.A. Fund is doing for the British Army Horses

R.S.P.C.A. Fund for Sick & Wounded Horses

CHAIRMAN: THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, K.G.

It is working with the approval of the War Office, in conjunction with the Army Veterinary Corps, for the Horses of the British Army, and is the only fund that has been authorised for this purpose. It is supplementing the provision already made by the War Office, and is supplying motor lorries, horse ambulances, corn crushers and chaff cutters driven by petrol engines, rugs, halters, bandages, and other veterinary requisites; it has provided Veterinary Hospitals to accommodate 3,500 horses, besides giving shelters to hold 500 horses.

The R.S.P.C.A. has in addition trained and sent to the British Army Veterinary Corps, for enlistment, nearly 200 men, including many of the Society's own Inspectors, and is giving special lectures on the care and treatment of horses to N.C.O.s and other soldiers. The R.S.P.C.A. has also helped the British Army Horse at Home by supplying ambulances, rugs, humane killers, veterinary stores and medicaments to regiments all over the country. This has entailed a vast expense, which the generous public has helped the R.S.P.C.A. to defray; but

MORE AID WILL BE REQUIRED

as the war continues.

In the name of humanity we beg you to send us a Donation.

SEND IT NOW TO THE *Hon. Secretary*,
105, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.

Practical SPORTS COATS

ALL our own exclusive designs, perfect in shape and workmanship. Suitable both for indoor and outdoor wear. Our stock contains a large variety of these practical and useful garments at exceptionally moderate prices.

Our Book of New Sports Coats posted free.

Artificial Silk Knitted Coat, as sketch, a very practical and inexpensive style: splendid coat for indoor wear. Shot effect in black and white, black and purple, and black and grey.

Special value
21/-

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
LIMITED
VERE ST. & OXFORD ST.,
LONDON

THE "PERFECT" ADJUSTABLE CHAIR

for Convalescents, etc.

WELL UPHOLSTERED. VERY COMFORTABLE ADJUSTABLE BACK.
LEG REST REMOVABLE.

In Birch finished Oak, Walnut or Mahogany,

30/-

Without leg rest,

26/6

SURGICAL MANUFACTURING CO.,

ACTUAL MAKERS OF INVALID FURNITURE AND APPLIANCES.

83 & 85, Mortimer Street, London, W.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue, free.

Books of the Week

An Indian Novel

At all times India is a mysterious place, but during the present war, when Indian soldiers have been taken over to France without losing caste, and German agents have seized the opportunity of telling the natives how thoroughly London has been destroyed, things seem to have become more mysterious than ever. So in Mrs. Penny's new novel, *Love by an Indian River* (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*), you have a tale of the curious happenings in an Indian village after the decision of the authorities to remove a certain sacred tree.

Queer Complications

In this particular tree is the home of an Amma, a deity who, according to a scoundrelly mahunt, has every possible objection to removing to another tree. Officialdom, however, in the person of Anthony Basildon, overrules the Amma's prejudices—with rather startling results. Anything, you imagine, might have happened to Basildon had he not fallen in love with an American girl travelling on business. He had a rival, but after twice saving Marjery's life, naturally came to hold the prior claim. The story is well constructed, and the interest maintained throughout.

"IAN HAY"

Otherwise Captain John Hay Beith, who, although he has gained the Military Cross, is perhaps even better known to fame as the writer of "The First Hundred Thousand" and two other war books, which stamp him as the most brilliant soldier-author of the day

"Vive La France"

There is one recently published war-book which should on no account be missed. Mr. E. Alexander Powell showed what he could do in his *Fighting in Flanders*, and he now continues his interpretation of the war in a second volume. *Vive La France* (Heinemann: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) differs from most of the war-books in being rather more "indiscreet." I do not mean to suggest that there is anything in its fascinating pages which could help the enemy, for as a good American Mr. Powell's "neutrality" is just what we would have it, but he manages to explain many little technicalities which most British correspondents have deemed it wise to let well alone. As a result it is possible to understand some of the minor phenomena which to many of us have hitherto been wrapped in obscurity. Mr. Powell's work, indeed, is extraordinarily good, and his photographs are excellent. There is no doubt that when your trained American correspondent is allowed to "get going" he can do some extraordinarily effective work. R. S.

INEXPENSIVE TAFFETA FROCKS

Specially designed to meet the present demand for dainty and practical gowns at a really reasonable price. These Frocks are made in our own Workrooms, and are adapted from exclusive Paris Models. They are both becoming and useful and are particularly suitable for young ladies.

DAINTY AFTERNOON FROCK, as sketch, in good quality chiffon taffeta, designed with the new bouffant skirt and Early Victorian Bodice, with hemstitched fichu and rose. Made to fasten in front. In black, Navy and the newest colourings.

PRICE

89/6

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London, W

DAINTY LINGERIE

at popular prices.

DESIGNED by our own artists and made by our own workers from materials that can be relied on to stand more than average wear. The garments illustrated are excellent examples of the value to be found in our Lingerie Section.

New skirt knickers, as sketch, very full and wide, scalloped with elastic waist, in taffeta or heavy crêpe de chine.

Price 25/9

Cache corset, in taffeta or crêpe de chine, with fancy ribbon shoulder straps, finished bouquet. Either garment can be had in ivory, sky, pink, lemon, black and heliotrope.

Price 7/6

Boudoir cap in fine spot net, finished kilted frills and silk roses.

Price 12/9

Fancy Garters from 3/11

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE LIMITED

VERE ST. & OXFORD ST. LONDON

SPECIAL CORSET and PETTICOAT WEEK

AT

DICKINS & JONES March 27 to April 1

TO popularise the new figure lines for the coming season, we shall offer **for one week only,** from March 27 to April 1 inclusive, *The Spécialité Corset,* **Type 105,** at **25/-** (regular price 31/6).

This is a very unique opportunity to acquire one of **the newest Spécialité models** at an exceptionally low price.

This type exemplifies all the new lines, viz.: More defined waist at back and sides, producing good curves, higher at back above waist, shorter at back below waist, slightly curved, and still retaining the comfort of the strait-laced corset in its entirety.

Realising that many of our customers prefer to keep to their original types of *The Spécialité Corsets,* we are desirous that they should benefit by participating in this very economic offer, and therefore propose to allow **2/- off the ordinary price** of any other type of *The Spécialité Corsets* we have in stock **during this special week,** whether purchased in the shop or ordered by letter.

THE SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET. Type 105, as illustrated. A very smart new model carrying out the new lines for present fashion, and made in Coutil Broché, White and Colours, and fitted with Real Whalebone.

Regular price, 31/6. **Special price, 25/-**

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DROITWICH

BRINE CRYSTALS

Every case of Uric Acid trouble—mild or severe—yields rapidly to the natural action of Droitwich Brine Crystals, the surest of all solvents. These "Crystals" are prepared from the *original* Brine Springs, and the treatment is simple and pleasant, consisting merely of hot baths in which the crystals are dissolved.

The unfailing efficacy of these "Crystals," which are prepared for home use, is recognised by Doctors everywhere.

Price only 2/6 per 28 lb. bag.

Delivered free to any Railway Station in Great Britain.

WESTON & WESTALL, Ltd.
(Dept. 20a), 18, Eastcheap, E.C.

THE FAVOURITES

BOTH the Standard and Safety pattern "Swan" pens enjoy the greatest popularity. Both are simply constructed and give no trouble. The nib is extraordinarily smooth and easy to write with. The "Ladder" feed provides an instant and regular flow of ink. Every "Swan" is sold with a guarantee of complete satisfaction.

There is a "Swan" to suit you as no other pen can. Why not get it to-day?

"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

From ***10/6*** *upwards.*

Size 3.—Standard pattern. Large Nib and Holder. A useful pen for daily use. Price **16/6**

2 c.—Safety pattern with screw-on cap, **15/-** Can be carried in any position without leakage.

Of all Stationers. Catalogue free.

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79-80 High Holborn, W.C.
38, Cheapside, E.C.; 95a, Regent St., W., &c.

Racing: The "National" and "Lincoln." BY "CARBINE"

Success of the War National

No ordinary amount of inconvenience will keep your keen sportsman at home when there is a race like the Grand National or its substitute to be seen. We all recognise that racing cannot now be conducted in the same way as in normal times, and any difficulties we have to surmount are nullified by the satisfaction we feel that the many interests connected with the Turf have not been unnecessarily destroyed. Nearly every eligible man you met at Gatwick was either in khaki or wore an armlet, and nobody enjoyed the sport more than those who were back from the fighting line, either recuperating or on short leave. The meeting was a complete success, and one particularly happy result is that the Star and Garter Fund for Disabled Soldiers will benefit handsomely by the result of the War National, Mr. Percy Heybourn, the owner of the winner, having generously handed over the entire stake to that object.

A Gallant Winner

Every lover of a good horse must admire the quality of little Vermouth, the hero of last week's big steeplechase. I confess to having doubted whether such a light-framed animal would be capable of successfully carrying a big weight over four and a half miles of heavy ground in the best company, but Vermouth has a great heart, which, combined with his fine jumping powers, enables him to triumph over his lack of size. Moreover, he is still quite a young horse, and will probably add further to his fame. Whether the result would have been the same if last week's race had been run at Aintree may well be questioned, for in spite of the best endeavours of the enterprising Gatwick folk they could not succeed in reproducing all the difficulties of the unique course over which the Grand National is usually run.

"Lincolnfield" Prospects

The next event of importance will be the Lincolnfield Handicap, the happily named substitute for the Lincolnshire Handicap, which is to be run at Lingfield next week. There is a splendid entry, and the winner is not going to be easy to find. I shall expect My Ronald to run well. He does not enjoy any special pull in the weights, but he is a comparatively easy horse to get fit, as he showed in the early part of last season. Probably the pick of the handicap, however, is Lux, and if on the day of the race I am satisfied that Lord Durham's gelding is in reasonably hard condition I doubt whether I shall search further than him for the probable winner. The Bimkin is sure to have a following after his smart form over hurdles, and I am warned that the three-year-old Salandra is greatly improved, but at present Lux seems to me the best thing in the race.

THE CHAPLAIN

(loquacious)

"I get along very well with the boys. When they're a bit depressed I give them a cheery word and they seem to appreciate it. With the cheery word there goes a cigarette — one of Cavander's 'Army Club'—and it may be that the Cigarette helps us to understand each other so well.

There's no doubt a good cigarette does make you forget the worries of the day, and I've never found one that is liked better than Cavander's 'Army Club.'

It doesn't mean a great expense for me either, because the cost is only..... 9d for 20

50 for 1/10½

CAVANDER'S "Army Club" CIGARETTES

CAVANDER'S, 261, High St., Glasgow.
The Firm of Three Centuries. Established 1775.

Obtainable at all the branches and kiosks of FINLAY & Co., Ltd. and other high-class Tobacconists.

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Increases Power—Decreases Cost.
Booklet No. 10 Free from
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OLD YORK PAVING,
Also Purbeck and Portland paving
Square or broken for crazy work paths, also a quantity of secondhand Granite Kerb and Granite Setts, can be loaded on to any rail in London or delivered by van.
For price and particulars apply to—
GEO. E. CLOKE, Contractor,
Railway Wharf, Blackburn Rd., West Hampstead, London, N.W.

Shoolbred's

Petticoats in the New Shapes

Petticoat, as illustration, in Taffeta Silk. The new shape made with deep gauged flounce on cords, finished with narrow heading. In useful, and in light shades, also pretty shot effects

25/9

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

TO KEEP FIT, DRINK

IVELCON

THE IDEAL BEEF BEVERAGE

WICKS'

(Est. 1805)

SPORTS & RED CROSS CORSET (Regd.)

THESE Corsets are a boon to Athletic Ladies—giving perfect freedom of movement—making Riding, Golfing, Shooting, Nursing, or Gardening a Pleasure.

Selection sent on Approval. Usual Trade Reference.

Hundreds of Testimonials from all parts of the Globe.

Prices:

10/11, 11/9 & 13/9

38 & 39, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

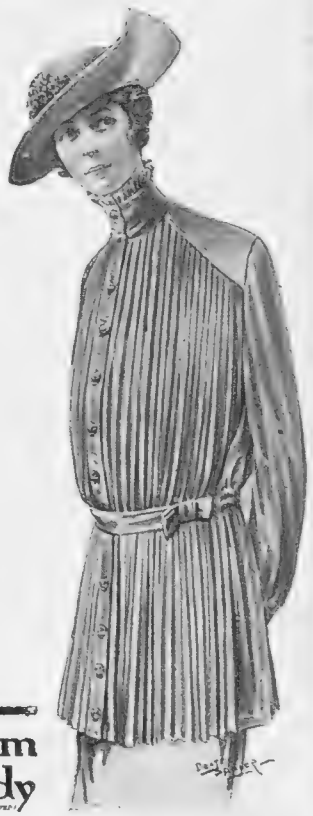
Arrol-Johnston

THE above firm has been turning out aero engines in quantity for over eighteen months

AND the future Arrol-Johnston car will benefit hugely from close association with the engineering struggle for air-supremacy.

ARROL-JOHNSTON, LTD.
Dumfries.

EASTER BLOUSE COATS



Specially designed to meet the present demand for refined and dainty but useful garments at a really moderate price. This blouse coat is particularly attractive and is equally suitable for indoor and outdoor wear. It is made in good quality Crêpe de Chine finely pleated, with belt of crepe. Can be worn either open or closed. Stocked in black, white, champagne, sand, putty, mastic, flesh pink, old rose, navy & saxe blue.

Price **29/6**

Actual Value, 42/-

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W

MOTORING

A FLEET OF BUICK

Fifty of which were recently purchased out of the funds of the British Red Cross Society. This photo was taken just before their departure for the Front, where a number of their fellows have been for some time past "on active service"

MOTOR AMBULANCES

The Armoured Car Again

THE effective little foray commanded by the Duke of Westminster reminds us there are still some places where the armoured cars can serve a turn. They have had few chances recently in the British field of operations, and for the great part have been dismantled of their armour and used for the transport of stores further back where the roads are still possible. Their special sphere was reconnaissance, and there has not been much of that sort of operation practical for heavy vehicles in the Western theatre for quite a long time. In the South-West African round-up they figured with effect, and are quite usefully operating in Africa, East and North-East, at the present time. Russia is using them, and will do so to a greater extent directly the roads clear. France is in our own position on the Western Front, and the ground over which they are fighting make armoured cars impossible for the Italians. When all the little wars are cleaned up, most, if not all, of the armoured cars will be cleaned up with them.

***

The Great Raid

IN the air, the big raid of Allied aero and battle planes upon German naval and air bases in Belgium is a fitting commentary upon recent official explanations of our aerial inactivities during the past many months. When Authority takes the trouble to dilate upon the almost insurmountable difficulties of raiding enemy bases as a reason why such raids have not been undertaken, and when Authority further suggests that the machines are not available for the purpose, it seems a little hard that sixty-eight machines, the largest number that has so far taken part in any one operation, should set off under the super-difficulties of night flying, reach their "impregnable" objectives, and return intact. It looks as if it might have been done of malice aforethought—which, of course, is absurd. Now we know we have sixty-eight machines that can concentrate for this work and do it, perhaps we shall be able to return the calls of enemy airmen, and may even extend the courtesy by several calls to one on a several-planes-to-one basis. Also, after the incentive of the action over the Channel when, it is reported, one of the Sabbath raiders of Ramsgate was shot down, we may improve our preparations for the reception of such casual aerial visitors.

***

The Bar

THE deed is done. By Royal proclamation the bar insuperable is up against all private, or so-called pleasure, car imports, and the air is filled with cries of "hellup!" To the motor trader living, because he must, in the absence of the British vehicle, upon foreign, mainly American, cars, the bar is tragic. He must exist upon the commercial car or perish as a trader. The pinch for him will come directly he has consumed such cars as are in the country or are on the way. Doubtless the man with stocks in hand is rejoicing (with discrimination) upon the accident or foresight that loaded him up. It is hard upon the little man with no stocks, but it can't be helped. It may be hard upon the motor trade of this country after the war if the effect of the bar is to kill any appreciable proportion of the distributing side of the business; but that cannot be helped either. Bar or no bar the private car buyer must have been a steadily diminishing quantity. The pinch has only arrived a little earlier, that is all. The commercial car, the secondhand private vehicle, and odds and ends in tyres, repairs, and petrol will have to keep the trader breathing or he will have to breathe his last. It is hard luck; but there's a lot of that sort of luck about just now.

***

Fuel and Power

DOES reduced fuel consumption mean loss of power? Yes, if carburation is good and the engine has been stoked properly; no, if you have overfed through an inefficient and wasteful carburetter. You can get better results from a perfectly proportioned firing mixture than from either an unduly rich mixture on the one hand or a starvation mixture on the other. You can neither run on neat petrol nor on neat air. You have to strike the scientifically proportioned balance; in which connection your carburetter is all-important. Here is a note in point—a four-cylinder Perry car with 7oolbs. weight of passengers took every hill between Lewes and Caterham on top, yet averaged 34½ miles to the gallon. Which, with petrol at thirty pence per gallon and the general need for economies everywhere most urgent, represents a consummation devoutly desired by all car men. The "on top" over such a course with such a load means great power. The m.p.g. means perfect carburation. Therefore it becomes necessary, for the instruction of all that's left of motordom, to name the carburetter. It was a Zenith; and very well named, too, judged by this result.

***

Ten Months' Service

HIGH laudations of the Crossley as ambulance from a sergeant at the Australian base hospital, Heliopolis. His particular pet is one that has been in use for ten months, running night and day, and generally overloaded. Which, as evidence of car quality, needs no further comment.

ALEX. J. M. GRAY

C.A.V. — The system of ELECTRIC LIGHTING and STARTING for Motor Cars which never fails or troubles. BRITISH THROUGHOUT. — Full particulars on request, C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

CLAUDEL HOBSON Carburetters in the war area are giving consistently good service. In any area and under all circumstances they will give you service just as dependable.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 643.—Vol. XLIX. Wednesday, March 29, 1916. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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BETWEEN HASLEMERE AND LIPHOOK,

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ALL ON TWO FLOORS.

Garage. Pleasure grounds, grass and woodland, in all

NEARLY 8½ ACRES.

To be SOLD, by AUCTION, at The Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, April 18th (unless previously disposed of).

Solicitors: Messrs. GAMLEN, BOWERMAN and FORWARD, 3 and 4, Gray's Inn Square, W.C. Illustrated particulars of Auctioneers, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS.

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UNDER A MILE FROM RIVER.

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CHOICE RESIDENCE in the most select part of this favourite locality. Carriage sweep. Eight bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, roomy hall with fireplace, 3 excellent reception rooms, and good offices.

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Fine lawn for tennis or croquet. Space for garage.

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EXCELLENT HUNTING AND SOCIAL DISTRICT.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, Unfurnished, this PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, standing high on sand soil, in grounds of 4 acres (13 acres more if required), 9 bed and dressing rooms, attics, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, complete offices; stabling for 7, garage, cottage, etc.

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Paddocks, etc.

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HERTS

(30 minutes from Town, in delightfully rural situation).

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, this old-fashioned COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with about 14 acres picturesque grounds and meadows. The House

STANDS 474FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL,

with grand views, and comprises: hall, drawing room, dining room, morning room, billiard room (27ft. by 18ft.), 10 bedrooms, 2 baths, housekeeper's room, and good offices.

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TO BE LET, FURNISHED, UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD, this picturesque RESIDENCE, occupying a beautiful position about 500ft. above sea level, and commanding extensive views: large lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, billiard room, 8 bedrooms and bathroom; gas and Company's water; telephone; motor-house; pretty gardens of about 2 acres including tennis court.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (F 2,959)

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AN OLD HOUSE with modern additions, standing on a hill, with uninterrupted views of the sea.—Lounge, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

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ATTRACTIVE OLD HOUSE, standing in grounds of 10 acres; avenue drive; ELECTRIC LIGHT: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms and bathroom; stabling for 5, motor-house; well-timbered grounds with lawns, rookery, paddock, etc. Would be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (7,779)

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ON DRY SANDY SOIL.

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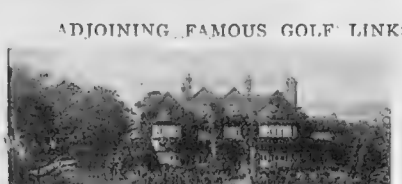

TO LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED, or FOR SALE.—A charming MODERN HOUSE, beautifully fitted throughout, standing high on sandy soil with magnificent views, and approached by carriage drive, with lodge: 10 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, oak-panelled lounge hall, 3 reception rooms (2 oak-panelled), billiard room; electric light; telephone; stabling, garage, cottage; beautiful grounds of 7½ acres.

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THIS MOST DESIRABLE AND ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE to be LET, FURNISHED.

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6 bedrooms, pretty boudoir, 2 reception, luxuriously fitted bathroom. Petrol gas. Tennis and croquet lawns, rose beds and kitchen garden. Stabling in course of erection.

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40 MINUTES FROM TOWN (near REIGATE and REDHILL, 'midst lovely country).—The charming RESIDENCE, which is in perfect order, stands in delightful old heavily-timbered grounds of 3½ acres, with 2 tennis lawns, Dutch gardens, kitchen garden, orchard, etc., and contains: 4 large reception, billiard, bath, 11 bedrooms. There is a pretty black-and-white cottage; stabling and garage.

MAIN WATER. GAS. MAIN DRAINAGE.

Personally inspected. Strongly recommended.

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WINCHESTER (near).—A charming COUNTRY HOME; 2 reception; winter garden; full-sized billiard room, bath, 5 bedrooms; stabling, garage; pretty bungalow; main water; gravel soil; beautiful gardens with double tennis lawn, croquet lawn, rose gardens, orchard, kitchen garden, in all about 3 ACRES. Freehold, £1,375.

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BETWEEN NEWBURY AND ANDOVER.—A charming old GEORGIAN MANOR HOUSE: 3 reception, bath, 6 bedrooms; in perfect order; approached by a long carriage drive; pretty grounds; stabling, garage; extensive range of useful buildings of massive construction, and 125 ACRES of land. Bargain, £3,150.

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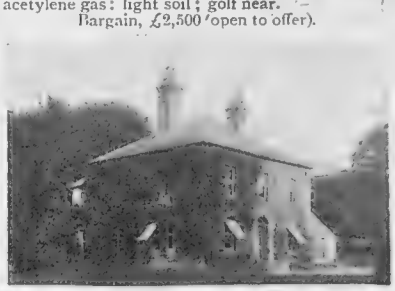

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No. 1	12in. x 8in.	40ft.	1in.	4in.	£1 12 6
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GREENHOUSE.

	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
No. 1 Boiler,	11 0	x 11 0	x 8 0
,, 2 ,,	11 0	x 16 0	x 8 0
,, 3 ,,	11 0	x 21 0	x 8 0

Or Same Area.

GARAGE

	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
No. 1 Boiler,	20 0	x 20 0	x 10 0
,, 2 ,,	25 0	x 25 0	x 10 0
,, 3 ,,	28 0	x 28 0	x 10 0

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is unique in its stimulating properties; it not only clears a bad skin of all impurities, but also beautifies and improves a good one. It removes freckles and sunburn, prevents lines, crowsfeet, and similar defects; and produces a smooth, soft and flawless skin. Prices **3/6, 6/6, 12/6,** and **21/-** the pot.

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for loose and flabby skins. A new astringent which strengthens and consolidates relaxed and flaccid tissues. The beauty of this preparation is that it may be used at any time that the skin looks relaxed, as it dries in and makes an excellent foundation for face powder. Prices **3/6, 7/6,** and **15/-.**

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A beneficial Cream for use around the eyes, preventing crowsfeet, counteracting wrinkles and restoring freshness and elasticity to the skin. Also used in conjunction with Eau qui Brûle. Prices **4/6, 7/6,** and **18/6.**

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A very remarkable preparation, which not only effectively whitens the skin, but takes away all appearance of oiliness or greasiness, and prevents disagreeable flushing of the nose or face. It is a boon to travellers, as it quickly cleanses the face from dust or other impurities. Prices **7/6** and **15/-.**

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Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

THERE has been nothing more amusing, when it has not been pathetic, than the discussions over suitable dress for the various outdoor occupations now being allotted temporarily, one trusts, to women. Prodigious mistakes have been made, extremes being run to at both ends, and probably more will follow. And yet it all seems so simple. Breeches or knickerbockers of sorts, accompanied by a longish coat, or smock overall, will be found attire capable of meeting the needs of most outdoor workers, from omnibus conductors to farm hands. The utterly absurd little skirt essayed in some directions merely serves to draw attention to the inevitable nether garments worn beneath, while as to the attempt to launch regular long trousers, that idea merely deserves to be dismissed with the richest contempt.

Sleeping Suits

That this innovation is all right time has incontestably proved. Dismissed at first with an airy indifference as merely a passing fad by some, others promptly seized upon pyjamas as comforts they had been seeking for years. Of course, they are little or no novelty to women who have undertaken long sea voyages or have sojourned in tropical countries. A sleeping suit and a mosquito net practically provide night attire and bed-clothes in many a hot clime. And if in one country, why not in another? Which does not for a moment mean that I am holding a defending brief for pyjamas. They have long ago passed that debatable stage. And anyone who doubts that assertion has merely to pay a visit to Jays', Ltd., Regent Street, and note the emphasis laid there on the fancy.

One of the most recent acquisitions has been sketched by Mrs. Dorothy Millar, a luxury suit of Milanese silk, the front of the coat and turned-up hem of the trousers ornamented with a scalloped edge. The latter, moreover, are held up over the shoulders by braces, the waist being rendered adjustable by a slot elastic, and the coat lightly held to the figure by a sash of the Milanese. Touching the summit of cost at 6½ guineas, Jays' run down the scale to 3 guineas for some perfectly fascinating *crêpe de Chine* suits, chiefly in an ivory shade, relieved by touches of striped *crêpe de Chine*, a sash of the self shade being finished by a fringe of the contrast. That the exclusive house of Jays' has shed the light of its countenance on pyjamas is significant enough to carry conviction.

SLEEPING SUIT DE LUXE
Of Milanese silk, sketched at Messrs. Jay's, Regent Street, by Dorothy Millar

Highly Satisfactory Rearrangements

Habituées of Tottenham House will be interested to hear that Messrs. Shoolbred have recently made some notable changes in the arrangement of their various departments, the general shuffle resulting in augmented space all round. The blouses, for example, are now to be found on the ground floor, a spacious saloon on the left-hand side of the main entrance, allowing for a prolific display of beautiful models, fitting rooms, and long mirrors, all tending to the comfort and convenience of clients, while the choice in styles includes every possible requirement.

The space vacated by the blouses in the ladies' outfitting department, upstairs, enables the teagowns, rest and dressing-gowns (always so notable a feature at Tottenham House, but

(Continued on page x)

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded from page ix)

hitherto rather pushed into a corner of the millinery *salon*) to be shown off to much better advantage, while the millinery also gains appreciably by the new arrangement. The entire vista of the large handsome department is now entirely occupied by a wealth of choice in hats of the most adorable description, every taste and purse being duly considered and catered for.

A fresh arrangement of the models and furniture serves to render the costume department a more alluring spot than ever, and those already acquainted with the doings here will realise this as very high praise indeed. The choice reveals the invariable good taste and knowledge of what well-dressed, fastidious women want, and it is a perfectly safe premise that whether some simple tailor-made suit, dainty afternoon dress, or smart walking costume is the objective of a visit to Messrs. Shoolbred's admirably conducted costume department, it will be found under the best and most satisfactory conditions. All congratulations to Messrs. Shoolbred on their very excellent show of spring fashions, and the enticing manner in which the beautiful wares are displayed.

FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

Bath chair driven by a small electric motor, at Messrs. Gamage's, Holborn. The control is quite easy, and a reversing gear is fitted as well as an efficient brake

Nothing Like Success

The success of the Cyclax Company is due to the fact that special and individual advice is freely tendered to each client by its founder, Mrs. Hemming, who never, under any circumstances, generalises. Each client's needs are taken separately, and her wide experience enables her to deal successfully and expeditiously with the voluminous daily correspondence that flows into 58, South Molton Street. Two preparations that never fail to come in for a large share of approbation are the Skin Food and the Blended Lotion, the first nourishing and feeding the tissues and the latter cleansing and clarifying the surface from all blemishes. With the approach of spring extra care is always needed to counteract small minor internal disturbances, frequently heralded on the face by spots and pimples; while the spring east wind seldom fails to produce a disfiguring roughness, some tender skins being particularly liable to its influence. An admirable preventive for the above slight disorders are the Cyclax Cachets.

TEA FROCKS.

SPECIALLY designed to replace the more elaborate Evening Gown for home, dinner or restaurant wear. These frocks are simple, dainty and refined, and are made by our own workers.

Tea Frock, as sketch, in rich chiffon taffeta, full panel front and sleeves finished with crepe chiffon. Bodice lined silk, and waist on elastic. Made in our own workrooms, in heliotrope, rose, grey, saxe, purple, black, lemon and other dainty colourings.

Price 58/6

Also in chine taffeta, 8½ guineas.

Write for catalogue of Tea Frocks and Wrappers.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
LIMITED
VERE ST. and OXFORD ST.
LONDON
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SCARBOROUGH LEEDS
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THE RELIABLE HOME TREATMENT
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A CLIENT WRITES:—
Dear Madam,—I am so pleased to tell you the "Dara" treatment was quite a success, therefore there is no need to make any appointment with you. I must confess I had no faith in the "Dara" when sending for it, which makes my gratitude to you all the more real. I must thank you very much for your wonderful remedy, and remain, Yours gratefully, ———

(Original of above and also other Testimonials, can be seen.)

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Prices 10/6 & 21/6 (The larger size contains three times the amount of the smaller)

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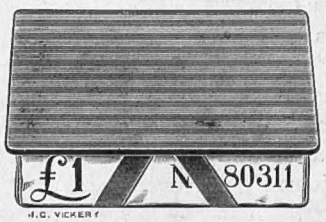

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Solid Gold, £5.

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Scalp Massage and Hair Culture

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Author of "Uric Acid and the Hair." "Anæmia and the Hair." "The Hair and the Nervous System." Demy 8vo. 2nd Edition.

CONTENTS.—The views of some well-known Physicians on the effects of correctly applied massage. The movements best suited to the improvement of the growth and appearance of the hair. The advantage of self-applied scalp massage. How the hair receives its natural nourishment. Some reasons why the hair falls off unduly. Why it loses colour. How to detect the first signs of hair-weakness.

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Lounge Suits, 6/- to 25/-. Trousers, 2/6 to 7/6.

Cash or estimate sent per return.

I pay all carriage charges.

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New and Practical Blouses

at exceptionally moderate prices

IT is the exception rather than the rule to find Blouses both exclusive in design and low in price—but—at our REGENT STREET HOUSE you can always see smart and distinctive Styles in exceptionally moderate-priced garments. Here are four examples:—

No. 1. Useful shirt in heavy Jap Silk, well cut and tailored. Sizes 13½, 14 and 14½. Larger sizes 3/- extra **21/9**

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No. 3. Useful Blouse in heavy Crêpe de Chine. The high collar is finished with narrow Moiré ribbon. Available in all colours. - - - - **23/6**

No. 4. Smartly-cut Blouse in Crêpe de Chine, with roll-over collar. In ivory, pink, champagne or mauve **26/6**

The Regent Street House *of* Peter Robinson

THE MENU

SOME HINTS FOR COOKING TINNED BEEF

"EMILIA" has been asked (from the Front) for some recipes for cooking "bully-beef," and hopes the following may be of use, although, of course, she realises that in some cases the ingredients to be used will be difficult, if not impossible, to procure. Some of them, however, can be dispensed with. A very little sugar put in the gravy will counteract the salt, which is rather a disadvantage in tinned beef, so that no salt must be used.

Shredded Beef

Boil some carrots in water, take them out, and cut in slices. Fry three large onions till of a nice brown in some dripping or margarine, drain them, and put by, and stir into the fat in the pan a good tablespoonful of flour, stir till well blended, or until the mixture will drop off the spoon, and then stir in a large cupful of gravy or water (if the latter a Ju-Vis tablet or a little Bovril should be added), flavour with black pepper, a sprinkling of herbs, and then put back the carrots and onions into the gravy, and let simmer for ten minutes. Put in a 2 lb. tin of beef (minced), and keep it hot in the gravy, but on no account let it boil. It will take ten minutes to heat through. Serve with sippets of toast if possible, or mashed potatoes as a wall round.

A Raised Pie

Cut 2 lb. of beef into dice, and if procurable 1 lb. of fresh pork, mix them well together, and season well with pepper. Make a crust as follows: Boil half a pint of water, melt in it a ½ lb. of lard, margarine, or dripping, pour it boiling hot into the centre of 1 lb. of flour, mix it well with a knife, and then knead it into a smooth paste with the hands. Flour the board, and work the paste into a ball, then with the knuckles of your right hand press a hole in the centre, and mould the paste into a round shape, taking care to keep it a proper thickness. A piece of the paste enough for the lid should be pinched off before moulding. Having put in the meat, join the lid to the pie, brush over with egg, and bake one hour in a moderately hot oven. When the pie is taken out of the oven, pour some warm gravy, which will jelly when cold, through the hole in the lid. This pie is best eaten cold.

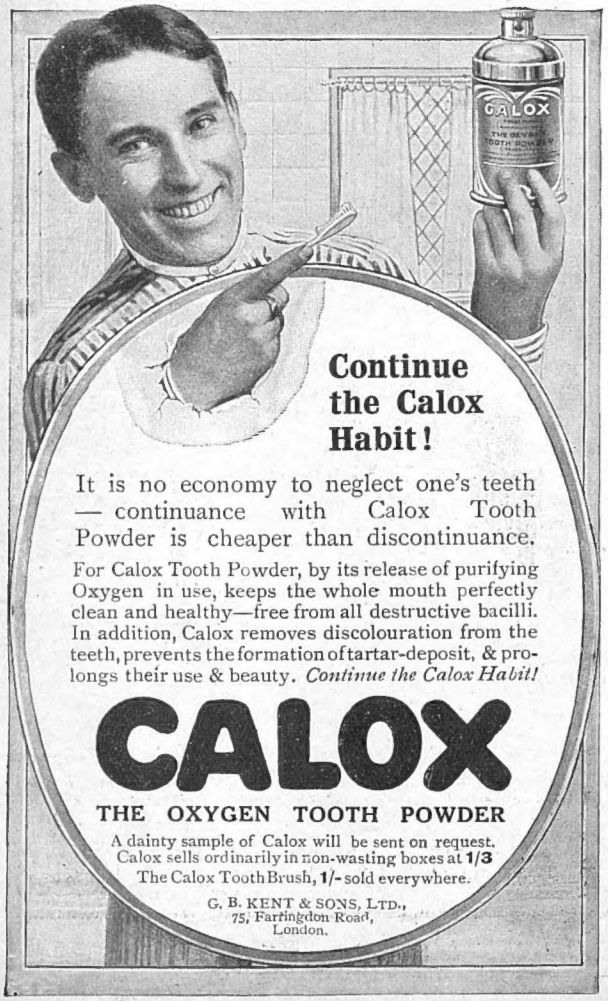
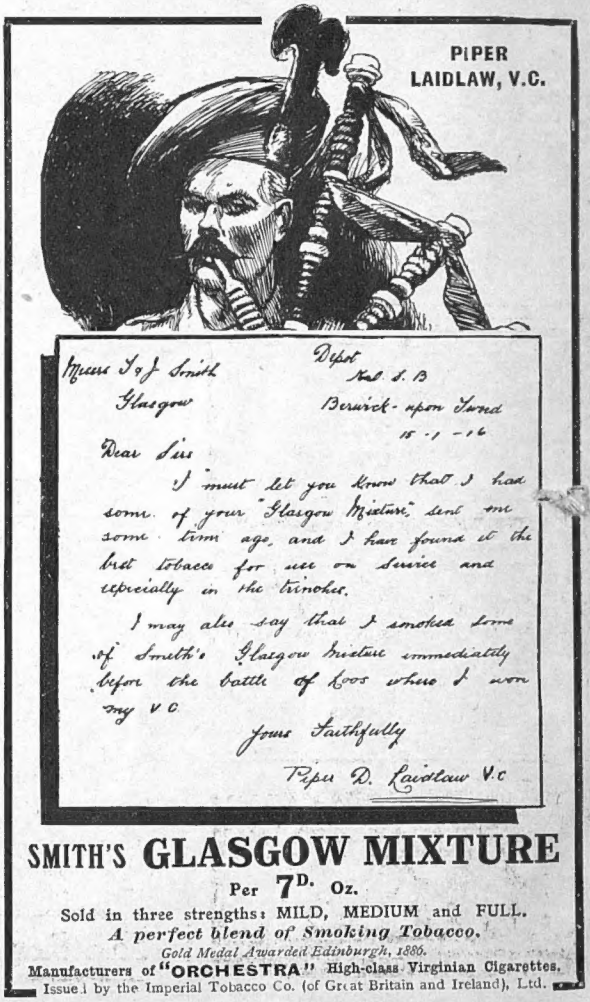
Meat Pudding

Cut 1 lb. of beef into thick pieces and add ½ lb. of beef kidney, and season with pepper. Line a greased pudding basin with suet crust, put in the meat, pour in half a teacupful of gravy, with a tablespoonful of any sauce (Harvey's or Worcester), cover with the crust, and boil for two hours. This makes a very savoury pudding.

Stewed Beef with Celery

Wash three heads of celery and slice into pieces six inches long, stew these in half a pint of milk and a small piece of butter until quite tender. Thicken with a large dessertspoonful of cornflour mixed in a little milk. Have ready some slices of tinned beef, dipped in egg and bread-crumbs, and which have been fried in boiling fat. Pile the celery in the centre of a hot dish and the cutlets of beef round.

Beef Fried in Batter

Cut some pieces of beef an inch thick, dip them in a batter made of three tablespoonfuls of flour, a teacupful of milk, and one egg well beaten. Fry a nice brown, and serve on mashed turnips.

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